

DEAR
DAUGHTER
DOROTHY





Henry Weil.

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"This is no night for a child to be out."—*Page 8.*

DEAR DAUGHTER DOROTHY.

By A. G. PLYMPTON.

Illustrated by the Author.



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DEAR DAUGHTER DOROTHY.



CHAPTER I.

THE rain was driving in sheets from the northwest, and the wind howling dismal prophecies of winter, as a carriage, one rough night in November, stopped at the door of Mrs. Kipp's boarding-house on Sunshine Street. It happened, at the moment, that Mrs. Kipp herself stood looking out of her front-parlor window, and discerned, by the light from the lamp-post, a young man descend from the carriage carefully carrying a soft bundle.

“This must be the gentleman from the South who wishes to take my fourth-story front,” was Mrs. Kipp’s conclusion; and in a moment more Jane had ushered the stranger into the room with the words, —

“A gentleman, mum, to see you.”

He was a tall, fine-looking young man, with a crop of crisp curls and a pair of handsome, though rather sad-looking, dark eyes.

The bundle, which was well wrapped up in a travelling-shawl, he tenderly deposited beside him upon the sofa.

“Heavens and earth!” exclaimed the good woman; “it’s a baby!”

Yes, a demure little creature, with soft gold-brown curls and serious eyes, and a smile which disclosed four little white teeth, and which went so straight to Mrs. Kipp’s warm heart that it was

with the greatest difficulty she could say, —

“ This is Mr. Thorpe, I suppose. Well, I wrote you that you could have my fourth-story front, but you said nothing about bringing a *baby* with you. If you had, I should have replied at once that I never take children into my house.”

“ A-goo ! ” gurgled the smiling baby.

“ No ; the other boarders object to them, so I ’ve made it my rule, and I must abide by it.”

“ It’s very unfortunate for me,” replied the pensive young man. “ It never occurred to me that she would be an objection. I even hoped that for a further compensation you would be willing to take charge of her during the day when I must be away from her. However, if this is your rule, I will not detain you.

Come, little Dorothy!" As he spoke, he lifted the baby again in his strong young arms, from which height she looked down upon little Mrs. Kipp and gurgled gleefully.

Mrs. Kipp followed them out into the hall. The rain was driving against the glass lights in the front door, which a sudden gust of wind rattled angrily.

"Goodness gracious!" cried the poor woman, aghast at the thought of the delicate baby-girl weathering such a storm, and speaking right from her motherly heart, "this is no night for a child to be out. I think you had better stay here until to-morrow, Mr. Thorpe, when you can leave her with me while you find rooms to suit you. Let me take her now, and you go and tell the hackman to bring in your trunks."

The truth is, Mrs. Kipp's fingers were fairly itching to squeeze the winsome baby. She took her from the young man's arms; and little Dorothy with baby wisdom at once discovered she had found a friend,—a discovery which caused her to nestle her head on the good woman's shoulder and stroke her cheek with her soft dimpled hand.

The following day, when Mr. Thorpe returned from his fruitless search, Mrs. Kipp, now thoroughly conquered by Dorothy's charms, informed him that she had no further objection to his remaining permanently with the child in her fourth-story front; and here, with the addition of the little hall-room adjoining, the two made a home for themselves.

It was suggested to Mr. Thorpe, when Dorothy's mother died, that it

would be necessary for him to give the child into the care of a woman. But the broken-hearted young father clung to the baby as his only comforter. Poor little Dorothy had neither grandmother nor aunt; and no stranger, he thought, could have such tenderness for her as he who shared her loss. So when a position was offered him in Boston, he packed up little white frocks and dainty garments with his own personal possessions, and set out for the North with Baby Dorothy upon his arm. To others it might have seemed a strange thing that in beginning this new work he should hamper himself with a helpless infant, but he knew that it was only for her that he had heart to work at all.

He was a very young papa, and in cases of emergency he had no valuable

experience of children to fall back upon ; but fortunately the baby was a wonder of health and good-nature, and even at this early age proved herself a good traveller.

There is something very touching in the sight of a big man's tender care of a delicate little child, and their fellow-passengers took the friendliest interest in the odd pair. Dorothy was constantly borrowed by the ladies, and carried off to be fondled and amused ; and she responded with sweet baby smiles to all their advances. All the children made friends with her ; and even the gruff old soldier, who growled quite rudely upon her first appearance on the car, soon became reconciled to her company, and rattled his newspaper to amuse her, in condescending playfulness. Dorothy's first journey

was a long one; but she bore it bravely, and laughed and crowed, eat and slept, in blissful unconsciousness of all discomfort.

The truth is, she was a most engaging baby, with the sweetest little face in the world, and a disposition to make the best of things. It really seemed as if she understood that she was being brought up by a man instead of in the usual way by women and nurses, and made it as easy as she could for him. She slept just as comfortably under his ragged old dressing-gown as if covered by the daintiest afghan, took kindly to tobacco-smoke, and did not repine when her lullabies were whistled to her. Her consideration was still further shown by the fact that whatever her private woes might be she never cried over them, and she devoted herself to

the duty of growing up as fast as possible, which you must admit was the cleverest thing a baby in her circumstances could do.

The admission of little Dorothy into Mrs. Kipp's household was a reckless innovation, and it was with fear and trembling that the dear old creature announced that a baby had become a permanent member of it. How did she know but Mrs. Le Grand, an invalid of extreme nervous irritability who had boarded with her for years and years, would declare her first floor vacant! And there was the Professor, who was writing a book and disturbed by every passing sound,—what would he say to it? The Professor detested children, and declared on the spot that he would not stay in the house to be annoyed by a fretful child; and as for the lady, she

wept and accused Mrs. Kipp of having no consideration for her sufferings.

But one day the Professor was seen pushing a perambulator upon the pavement, and after that there was no further talk of his leaving Mrs. Kipp; and Mrs. Le Grand even forgot her nerves in cuddling the cooing baby. As the child grew older, she became still more interesting, and her funny speeches were the delight of the whole household.

She was, it is true, rather an odd little girl, and talked as nearly as she could like her papa, whom she adored, and who regarded her more and more, as the years flew by, as a dear comrade. So close was their companionship that some one once playfully dubbing them Thorpe and Company, the name was unanimously adopted.

This familiarity between the two

often troubled "Auntie Kipp," who thought that the usual relation of father and child would be better for Dorothy, who she declared was fast growing into a little old woman.

But when she expostulated with Mr. Thorpe, what did this singular parent do but discuss this question, as he did all others, with Dorothy herself, who promptly declared Auntie Kipp's fears to be groundless.

"You see he is such a very young papa," she sweetly explained, "and I am so much older than most persons of eight years," — Dorothy always spoke of herself as a person, — "that after all we are very nearly of an age."

She was such a thoughtful little girl, looking out for every one's comfort in such a sweet way, and taking up one care after another so successfully, that

by the time she had reached the age of eight she had really a great many responsibilities.

At the end of every month her father on his return from the office gave the month's salary—"our salary" as Dorothy called it—right into her small hands; and Dorothy laid aside the exact sum for "the fourth-story front," and another sum for the laundress, and perhaps a few dollars for a hat for papa or a new frock for herself, and prudently tucked the rest in the old portemonnaie to last till the next pay-day came round.

Mrs. Kipp was horrified indeed when this plan came to her knowledge, and she prophesied that Mr. Thorpe's ruin would be the result of it. But Dorothy declared that with his mind so occupied with the great poem he was writing, he ought not to be worried with the care of

money, and insisted that she could make it go as far as any one.

But though different from other little girls of her age as Dorothy certainly was, Mrs. Kipp consoled herself with the thought that she had too loving a heart to be spoiled, and for cleverness there was not her equal in Boston.

“As for her father, with his scribbling and his fiddling,” such were Mrs. Kipp’s own words, “he is the very moral of those pale geniuses you read about, and with no more sense, dear young gentleman! for getting on in the world.”

Scribbling and fiddling! Well, it was fortunate for Mrs. Kipp that Dorothy never heard this disrespectful sentence. With all her loving little heart she believed him to be gifted with the highest genius. She was sure that the violin had never been played as he played it.

Every evening she brought it to him and sat at his feet, with her soft thoughtful eyes on his face, as he made it sing to her the beautiful harmonies that filled his soul. Its sweet voice had sung her earliest lullabies, for often in her babyhood he had sat by her cradle and lulled her to sleep with its aid. Dorothy could not think of the dear violin as other than a living friend. She spoke of it always as Herr von Stein; and her papa, humoring her whim, also spoke of it as Herr von Stein. The name of Von Stein she had selected in memory of a dear friend of her father, who had given the violin to him years ago in Germany. As for the first name it was Herr, "after Herr Beethoven," she told Thorpe senior, who enjoyed the joke by himself, and did not explain that this was not a proper name at all, but signified in



She sat at her father's feet while he played. — *Page 18.*

German the same as the English prefix "Mr."

Her father's poems, however they were regarded by the cold world, were masterpieces in the partial eyes of his little daughter. While he was writing them, she often sat quietly by his side waiting for the happy moment when she could number the pages, which was always her share in the work; and you may be sure that the little figures were made with scrupulous care, that no ugly characters should mar the beauty of the pages.

CHAPTER II.

ONE sunshiny morning Thorpe and Company were crossing Boston Common on their way to the office. It was their usual route in fair weather, and their faces had become familiar to many a grave man of business, who smiled as he passed tall, handsome Robert Thorpe, and the slip of a girl whom he called his junior partner. Dorothy was so small of her age that the Mother Hubbard cloak and the simple white muslin cap which she wore tied down over the pretty gold-brown curls seemed the most suitable costume that could be devised for her; but they were worn solely to gratify

a whim of her papa, and were privately considered by the wearer as very ridiculous for a person of eight years. It was a pity that the senior member of the firm being so tall and the junior member so very short, they were unable to walk arm in arm, and also that Dorothy's little feet had to take so many steps to every stride of her companion; but for all that, it cannot be denied that they had the air of true comrades.

"Papa," Dorothy began in an earnest voice, as they turned from the noisy street into the Common, "how I do wish we could get a position to travel,—just in the nice warm countries, you know. It does n't seem as if your cough grew a bit better, and the doctor said this would be the surest way to cure it. Besides, I am getting rather tired of

being a bookkeeper; those horrid figures are so tiresome, and give you so many headaches. And then it takes so long to get rich. I suppose we ought to be grateful that we have our salary every month; but it is never *quite* enough, you know, and of course we ought not to be so grateful as if it were more. I have given up all hopes now of Jonathan Black & Brother ever raising our salary; have n't you, papa?"

"They do not appreciate us, that's a fact, my Dorothy. But you are right; we are not getting on at all. We are still poor as rats; but what can be done about it?"

"Well, suppose we send our poem to another publisher. It has not been sent to nearly so many as the novel or the play. Let's send the poem again, papa."

The fine dark eyes of Dorothy's

father took an expression of deep melancholy, but he answered in the same bantering tone, "The publishers don't appreciate us either, my darling."

"There is something very queer about publishers," remarked Dorothy, with a puzzled frown on her pretty white forehead. "I think perhaps they are not *cultivated*, because Miss Miller says that one has to cultivate the mind before one can 'preciate the great poets. I suppose poetry is like tomatoes. You have to *learn* to like it, and it takes a long time. Now there is Betty, you know; she is a splendid chambermaid, but she does n't 'preciate Shakspeare. It was only yesterday morning, when she was doing up our room, that I read her a part of the play you like, papa, — 'Orfellow,' that's the name, is n't it? — and when I asked her if she was en-

joying it, she said, 'Well, it do be a bit dull, miss.' You see her mind has not been cultivated."

"Did you enjoy it yourself, Dorothy?" Thorpe senior smilingly inquired.

"Well, no, papa, not very much; but I like *ours*. I don't mean to be discouraged, though, but remember the tomatoes, and read right on. When I have cultivated my mind I shall enjoy Shakspeare too. It would be more interesting now, I dare say, if I did not have to skip so many of the words. As for the publishers, perhaps it is wrong to blame them so much; for they may be very sorry that their minds not having been cultivated, they are n't able to 'preciate our lovely poem. I should think they would be ashamed, and I dare say they are."

"What a sharp young person you

are, Dorothy dear!" her papa observed, with a fond smile; "but I wonder that, having discovered why it is that our genius is n't recognized, you don't see how useless it is to keep on sending our productions to the publishers."

"Well, I can't help hoping that there may be just one cultivated one among so many, and that we may happen to hit upon him. Yes, papa; let us try once more," urged the child.

"Better spend the money in confectionery than the postage would come to, my dear."

"No, this is what I'll do," cried Thorpe junior; "I'll carry the poem myself, papa, and save the stamps. Yes, this very morning, for it already has your name and address on the last leaf. I will leave it with some unimportant-looking little man to give

to the chief one, who will never know that it did n't come in the regular way; and then you see we shall have earned the money, — *earned* it," repeated Dorothy, impressively, "and can afford a real treat this evening. What shall we have; and would you invite Professor Grumpinson? It's more fun just by ourselves; but he is such a lonesome little old gentleman."

They walked along Tremont Row, and down School Street, planning their entertainment, as merry as grigs, — handsome Robert Thorpe and his little daughter Dorothy. A happy firm was this of Thorpe and Company, sharing poems and confectionery, cares and pleasures, in a loving copartnership.

When they reached the office of Jonathan Black & Brother, a tender scene was enacted by them in the

vestibule. These pathetic partings took place every morning, to the great disgust of the office-boy, who considered them derogatory to the dignity of a man of business.

"Good-by until afternoon, papa," said Dorothy, "when I shall come as usual to walk home with you. Here are your eye-glasses; and, oh! here are your cough-drops. I had almost forgotten to give them to you. Whatever *would* become of us if I should grow to be as forgetful as you are!"

"The fates forbid!" devoutly ejaculated her smiling papa.

"And, darling," went on the anxious little maid, "*don't* sit in the draughts! I do wish I could come in and look after you, for I don't think Mr. Jonathan Black & Brother take any care of you at all."

“ They don’t coddle me as much as they might, for a fact,” was Mr. Thorpe’s laughing rejoinder ; “ but I’ll try and coddle myself for the sake of my sweet Dorothy.”

“ Then good-by, and good luck to you ! ” cried the gay little damsel, reaching up for a final kiss ; and then the heavy door of Jonathan Black & Brother swung heavily between them.

CHAPTER III.

ON her way home Dorothy stopped at the windows of the confectioners', and examined with contemplative eye the wares on exhibition. She did not intend, however, to make her purchases in any of these fancy shops.

"It's just as Mrs. Kipp says!" she declared to herself. "It is a good plan to *look* in these high-priced places, and then when you have found out the styles buy what you want in the cheap ones."

In fact, Dorothy always patronized a certain little shop which a funny old maid had opened on the corner of Sunshine Street. Most of her wares

were of her own manufacture ; among which pop-corn balls and good old-fashioned molasses candy played a very conspicuous part. There was also a certain sticky substance made into squares that were especially toothsome, and which the children called "lollygobs,"—a term which so insulted Marthy Ann, as the little old maid was called, that at last she absolutely refused to sell them under this disrespectful name. Therefore, when this dainty was desired, the children were obliged to ask sedately for so many cents' worth of taffy. It is painful to add that immediately upon leaving the shop many of these bad girls and boys were in the habit of derisively screaming, "Lollygobs! lollygobs!" at the top of their shrill little voices, outside her window, to poor Marthy Ann's intense

chagrin. Dorothy never did this, because there was always a tender place in her heart for the unfortunate; and Marthy Ann's troubled air had not escaped those soft, observant gray eyes that looked out so seriously from the small face of Dorothy Thorpe. So on looking up at the ringing of the little bell on the door that always announced a customer, and beholding Dorothy, the little confectioner's face broke into a pleased smile.

"Good-morning, Miss Marthy Ann," said the child, with a friendly nod. "Have you any fresh 'lol'—dear me! of course I mean taffy—this morning?"

"Now, my dear, *don't* make use of that dreadful name! I consider it an insult!"

"I don't know why I did, unless it was because I was so particular not

to," apologized Dorothy. "But really, Miss Marthy Ann, I would n't mind it so much if I were you; for whatever name you call them by, they are perfectly delicious, and no one but you can make them."

"Well, to be sure, a taffy-square by any other name would taste as sweet," said the other, quite mollified by the compliment. "How many do you want, my dear?"

Dorothy, having made her purchases, was leaving the shop, when her eye fell upon some cranberry tarts. "If I had not spent all my money, I would get some of those, for I heard Professor Grumpinson say he liked them," she said to herself; "but now I really can't afford it." She was half inclined to substitute the novel for the poem she was to take to the pub-

lisher; for it was ever so much larger and heavier than the poem, and of course the postage would be more, and thus she would feel justified in buying the tarts. But this plan was finally relinquished as not being "quite fair."

Upon reaching home Dorothy took out the purse and counted the money that was left from last month's salary. There was but a small sum, and she stopped to consider how the remainder had been spent. From her bureau drawer she took out a little book which lived there in the neighborhood of the purse, and studied it attentively for a long time. It was the book in which she kept a strict account of the expenses of Thorpe and Company.

"A great deal goes to Mrs. Kipp," she said at last; "but I am sure that's

no more than fair when we have such a nice, pleasant room; and a great deal goes to the laundress. Well, I suppose it is pretty hard work to wash, so that's fair too. Perhaps I need not have bought that little vase at the five-cent store; but I really hadn't a thing to put flowers in; and Professor Grumpinson and the others give me so many that I felt, *in justice to myself*, I ought to buy a vase to hold them." This phrase, which Dorothy had borrowed from Mrs. Kipp, was of great service to her, and all her little extravagances were indulged in on the strength of it. But there were not so many of these, after all, when one considers that the little girl had free access to the purse where all the money was kept, and that her father always encouraged her purchases.

Fortunately "justice to herself" never covered more than five or ten cents at a time. Every now and then a small sum was set down in this little book as travelling expenses. Once Thorpe senior, in looking over the book, in his laughing way asked Dorothy what this meant.

"I was not aware that we travelled so much, Dorothy," he said.

"No," the little girl answered, "*we* don't; but the poem and the novel and the play do, papa! I put down all the postage they cost as travelling expenses. It sounds nicer, I think."

This had happened only a few weeks previous, — just after the poem had come home the last time. Papa had greeted it with his never-failing jokes, but Dorothy felt they covered more than the usual disappointment; and

when he declared they would have no more travelling expenses of that sort, her heart was very heavy indeed.

“It’s so queer,” she had said to herself, “that all those horrid books of Professor Grumpinson’s about Greek roots and things should be published, and no one will take papa’s lovely poem!” She had looked forward for such a long, long time to the delightful things they would do and have when her papa should have won fame and money by his writings, that the idea of now giving up all these hopes and settling down to “just our salary” was most unbearable. For instance, how could she abandon the plan of a trip abroad, when the doctor had prescribed that as the surest cure for papa’s cough, which was growing more and more troublesome in the chill east-

wind of Boston? One of the pleasures she had looked forward to was a visit to Germany, where her father and mother had lived before she was born. It was here the original Herr von Stein, a celebrated violinist, lived; and many a cordial letter Thorpe and Company had received from him describing the pleasures he could offer them if they would only come to Berlin.

Those little items called travelling expenses, you see, were full of significance to the child, and entirely banished all thought of the cranberry tarts which in justice to herself she felt that she ought to buy for the Professor. She put away the purse and the book, and opening a shabby little trunk looked in upon a number of neat packages. They were the poems, plays, etc., on which Thorpe and Company

had counted for their future prosperity. Dorothy, who still firmly believed in their value, handled them reverently.

Taking out a battered manuscript and smoothing its curling pages, she exclaimed in a tone of pride such as Mrs. Shakspeare might have used in speaking of "Hamlet," —

"Ah, this is the play! It looks rather tired after travelling so much. Let me see, how many years ago did papa write that? It was when I was sick with the mumps, because I remember teasing him to read it to me, and begging him to make Hildegarde, who had so many misfortunes, poor thing! have the mumps too. I was very silly; but it was before Miss Crosby came to teach me, and my mind had not been cultivated at all. Now here is the novel. What a great, long book it would

make! Don't I remember how tired I was, though, before I had numbered all the pages? Papa must be very clever to write all this; but he thinks it's not so good as the others; so sometime we may find a publisher able to 'preciate it."

Finally Dorothy came upon the particular package she was in search of, and carefully wrapping it up, laid it aside until she could find time to go out again.

This did not happen at once, for she had promised Mrs. Le Grand to wind wool for her; and then she remembered to have seen a hole in Professor Grumpinson's gloves which she had secretly determined to mend for him. After she had performed this little labor of love, she went down into Auntie Kipp's parlor to see what she could do for her.

Mrs. Kipp was tying on her new bonnet before the glass. She wore an anxious face, and Dorothy thought it must be that the new bonnet was not satisfactory. It was made of black silk, and sparkled with bugles; a big red bow was perched on one side, while spikes of stiff flowers decorated the other. The whole effect was not to Dorothy's fancy, but she felt that her dear old friend was in need of encouragement.

"It 's a perfectly gorgeous bonnet, Auntie Kipp," she said.

But Mrs. Kipp only shook her head sadly. "We are none the better for gorgeor, my dear; and with all the trouble I have with that impudent Jane, I don't take much interest in bunnits."

"Oh, with *Jane*!" cried Dorothy; "is that the trouble?"

“Yes, the important creature! She thinks because she has lived ten years with me, I could never get along without her. She has had the impertinence to tell me so, and I have just discharged her. She is going Monday. Dear, dear! I declare I would like to go out of the boarding-house business and live private for a while.”

“Well, Jane’s mind has never been cultivated, and people whose minds are not cultivated are always exasperating,” said Dorothy. “But she will always do ’most anything I ask of her; and I am going to ask her to stay.”

“You needn’t tell her I can’t get along without her, for I can; and I don’t care if I can’t!” were Mrs. Kipp’s parting words; but Dorothy knew they were words of bravado, and went off in search of the all-important damsel.

It was a well-known fact among the boarders that Jane was the main pillar of Mrs. Kipp's house. Without this able major-domo it would certainly have tumbled in ruins upon her distracted head. If the generous creature laid up a penny, it was certainly due to Jane, who kept a firm hand upon the purse-strings. She managed not only the affairs of the house but Mrs. Kipp herself into the bargain; and if the mistress rebelled she was always sure to repent of it.

But there was one person, and a very small one too, who could bring Jane to terms; and this was Dorothy. In five minutes she was in a condition to give any promise that the child demanded; and having secured it, Dorothy felt free to go on her self-appointed errand. So with the manu-

script under her arm she danced down Sunshine Street, happy to think that there need be no entry in the little book for "travelling expenses" on this occasion, and that she and her papa and dear Professor Grumpinson were to have a most delectable treat in consequence.

CHAPTER IV.

THE office of Jonathan Black & Brother was located in what Dorothy considered a very out-of-the-way part of the city. To reach it, one was obliged to pass through a great many crowded streets,—not entertaining thoroughfares like Washington Street, where there are a great many interesting windows for a small girl to look into and choose what she will buy when her papa is a prosperous author, but streets crowded with drays, and pavements swarming with busy gentlemen, who are too intent upon important matters to stand aside for the convenience of little girls.

As Dorothy wended her way to this office every afternoon for the pleasure of a walk home with her papa, she often wondered why Jonathan Black & Brother should not have established it in the region of Sunshine Street. But there were many puzzling things to her about this firm. To begin with, why should not "Brother," as she always called Mr. Isaac Black, have his first name on the sign as well as Mr. Jonathan? She did not think it was really quite fair; and yet, for all she espoused his cause so warmly, she could not like Mr. Isaac nearly so well as rosy, smiling Mr. Jonathan. When "Brother" met her outside the office door, as often happened, he always scowled and told her to "run along home,"—"Just for all the world as if I were a little street *gammon*!" she explained, with great dignity, to her papa.

As Dorothy went tripping on her way this particular afternoon, reading for the many hundredth time the sign of Jonathan Black & Brother in conspicuous letters over the door of a solemn granite building, two men came briskly down the steps. Just then a sudden gust of wind seized the hat of one of them and bore it swiftly out of reach. A messenger-boy started in pursuit; but the wind carried it mockingly on, as if determined to cheat him, and finally dropped it just at Dorothy's feet.

The little girl handed it to its owner, who now came up.

"Why, it's 'Brother,' to be sure," she said to herself, "and he never so much as thanked me!"

He was a dark, nervous-looking little man, with a deep wrinkle between his eyes, — which was to blame, Dorothy

thought, for the cross expression his face always wore. She used to tell herself, on meeting him, that he did not mean to be disagreeable and she liked him very much in spite of the wrinkle.

This objectionable mark was especially noticeable as he took the hat from Dorothy, and then turning to his companion, growled out, "Robert Thorpe's child, is n't it? Humph! it's a pity she has n't a better man for a father."

The words struck like a blow on Dorothy's ear, and she flushed up to her soft wavy bang with resentment. She could find no kind excuse for him in her heart, none at all; for in her eyes he had committed the unpardonable sin of disparaging her father.

She took a long breath and gazed angrily after him. For the moment she

felt that she was glad — yes, positively glad — that whether or not it was “fair,” his name was not on the sign with Mr. Jonathan’s.

“A better man than papa!” cried the little daughter, aghast at such heresy; “as if there ever was or could be one!” and she compared him in derision to Mr. Isaac, not at all to the latter’s advantage. For was not “Brother” the crossest-looking of living men, while her father with his lovely eyes and charming smile was as beautiful as the morning? Who could be so good, so handsome, or so clever? As there was nobody to answer the question, Dorothy answered it herself with a decided “No one!”

It is a fact that Thorpe senior almost justified even the exaggerated admiration of little Dorothy. Perhaps he had been too sobered by the loss of his young

wife, and too devoted to the happiness of the little girl she had left to his care, to make many intimate friends among men ; but he was loved and trusted by every one with whom he came in contact. He had a tender heart, with never-failing sympathy for those in trouble ; and many a time because of it, "our month's salary" came into Dorothy's hands in a shockingly reduced condition.

It was fortunate for Dorothy that she could thus dismiss "Brother's" words from her mind. She was too sunny-tempered to brood over disagreeable things, and just now there seemed many pleasant ones to look forward to. In gleeful impatience she waited on the sidewalk for her father, eager to tell him the events of the day and hurry him home to the dissipations of the evening.

One by one the other men came down the stone steps and turned homeward, and now a half-hour had passed since the last one had disappeared around the corner.

“It’s those tiresome accounts that keep him. How tired I am of being a bookkeeper!” she said to herself, with a sigh that was cut short by the appearance of the office-boy.

When he beheld Dorothy he stopped and remarked: “Waitin’ for your pa, I suppose. Well, it’s no kind of use to wait any longer.”

“‘No use to wait’!” echoed Dorothy. “Why not?”

“Because he has already gone,” was the answer.

“You are joking,” said Dorothy. “He would n’t go without me, I know.”

But the office-boy solemnly shook

his head. "Guess your pa don't think it's much of a joke. I'm telling you the truth. He was taken off this morning by a policeman who didn't know, most likely, about his having such a pressin' engagement, or he would have let him off."

"Dear me, how very silly!" exclaimed Dorothy, with a cool dignity which seemed to exasperate the office-boy into saying, —

"You'll soon find out whether I am joking or not. I tell you, your pa, that you are so proud of, has been taken up on a charge of embezzlement."

"What's that?" laughed little Dorothy. "Is it French?"

"Yes, it's the French for *stealing*." He was about to impart other information of the same sort, no doubt; but the child was already dancing away, with

her hands over her ears. It was evident, from her silvery laughter, that he had failed to make the impression he had expected, and with a contemptuous grunt he started off in the opposite direction.

Dorothy watched him out of sight, then came back to her old post, where, after waiting some moments longer, she went up the steps; and finding the office closed for the night, set off at a brisk pace for Sunshine Street, wondering more than a little why her father, for the first time in his life, had forgotten her.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT an hour previous, Dorothy's father had climbed the three flights of stairs, and entered the room in which so many years had slipped by. There was his desk littered with papers, the head of Dorothy's best doll confidently reposing on a closely written page. Among his books were interspersed gayly bound volumes that contained the history of Dorothy's favorite heroines; his meerschaum pipe lay beside a little worn worsted mitten; everything spoke of the close companionship of father and child.

He sat down and waited until he heard a well-known footfall upon the

stairs, a child's voice speaking to some one in the lower hall, and finally, the groping of a little hand for the knob on the door; and then Dorothy came in. For a moment she did not discover him in the gathering gloom; then, spying him as he sat by the fire, his head bowed on his hand, she ran up and threw her arms around his neck, pressing her cheek against his short crisp curls.

“You bad papa, not to wait for me!” and then having swung herself around to look in his face, she cried out in a startled voice, “Papa, are you crying?”

Dorothy never forgot the sensation of that moment; or the next, when he took her in his arms, and she heard him whisper, “Oh, my Helena! I have brought your child to disgrace.”

Helena was the name of Dorothy's

mother, and it was the first time she had ever heard her father speak it. The child's face grew white, and her heart beat to suffocation; but she tried to control herself, and above all, not to cry.

"What is it, papa?" she whispered.

It never occurred to the father to withhold his trouble from this little eight-year-old child. Indeed, it would not have been possible to conceal it from her loving and watchful eyes. So, putting her down upon the floor, and turning so that he could not look upon the little face in its soft, tender beauty, he tried to tell what misfortune had befallen him.

"I have been arrested," he said, in a strange voice, "under a charge of embezzlement; that is — Oh, my God!" he groaned, "how can I tell her!"

“Don’t try to, papa,” said Dorothy, moving closer to him, “for I know what it means. Let us not be sad, dear, for we never did it, you know.”

“Are you quite sure, child, that you know what embezzlement means?”

“Yes,” replied Dorothy, nodding her head sagely; “it means taking their horrid money. But we never did. How could they think so, papa?”

His arm was around her again, and he drew her to his knee,—this brave and trustful little daughter, who always stood ready to comfort him.

“They thought so because the money was gone, dear,—had been drawn from the bank,—and my books are not straight; that is, the figures have been altered,—big sums changed into little ones, and the difference in money is gone.”

“Oh! and why should n't they have accused any one else instead of us?”

“Because no one besides myself has access to the books. Dorothy, in this matter you must not say *us*. I will not have my innocent child include herself in this vile business. Don't cry, darling! Be my brave little maid!”

“I cannot be brave, papa, if you keep me away from you like that. I *must* be accused if you are. We have always done everything together, and I can't bear now to be left out.”

She was so distressed that her papa could only say, as he stroked her soft curls: “There, there, child! say what you like. What do words matter, after all?”

Then he resumed his former attitude, with his head in his hands; and the cloud which had seemed to lift a

little settled down upon him heavier than before. Dorothy sat upon the floor at his feet, watching him; her little chest heaving with sobs which she would not give way to. She pressed her fingers upon her hot eyeballs to keep the tears back.

"Papa," she asked at last, in her soft voice, "what can we do?"

"I do not know, child," was the sad reply.

"But, papa," she cried impetuously, "surely we should do *something*! We will not let them think we took the money. *What* can we do?"

He looked so stunned as he sat there, staring vacantly into the fire, that the child grew frightened. Placing a hand on his knee to rouse him, she said, "Let us ask Professor Grumpinon what to do."

"No, no, my Dorothy; he cannot help us," he said, unconsciously falling into the old form of speech which had just shocked him so.

"And who, then?"

"A lawyer, I suppose, if any one."

"A lawyer,—oh yes!" cried the child, brightly. "Tommy Dow's father is a lawyer,—a good one. He treated us all at Marthy Ann's shop when she first opened it,—yes, every boy and girl on Sunshine Street. He is a *very* good lawyer, papa; let us go to him."

She picked up her coat and little cap from the chair where she had flung them, and put them on. Then she brought her father's heavy coat and handed it to him. By and by she persuaded him to stand up and let her help him on with it. When they were ready to go he let her lead him out into the street.

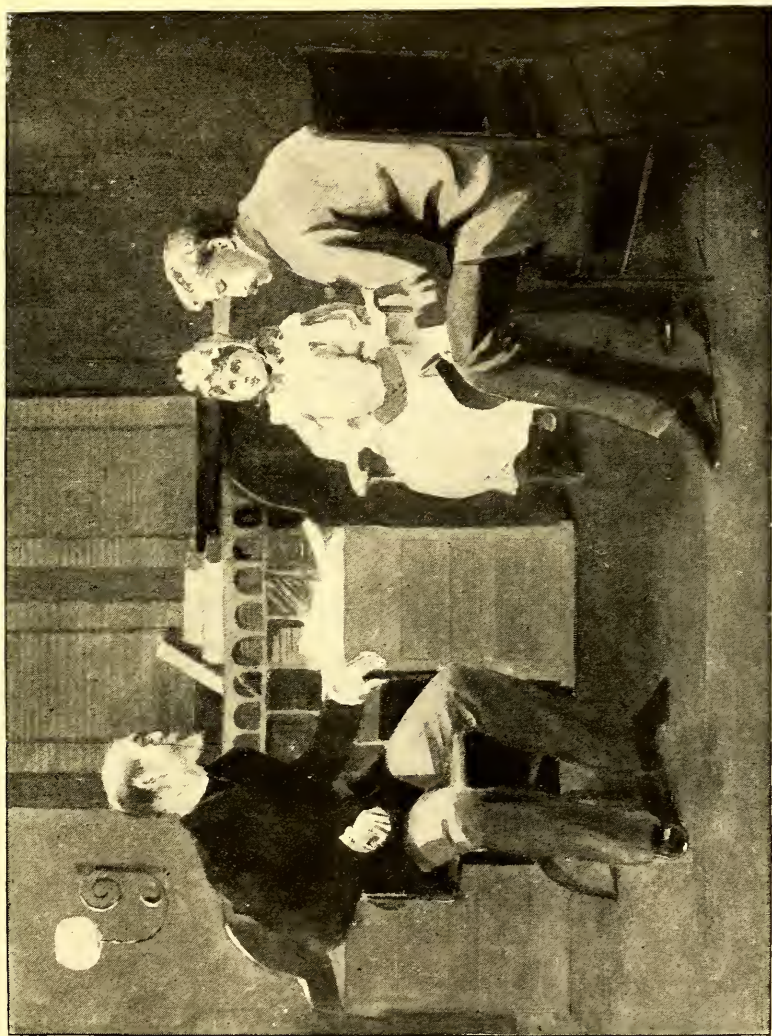
The office of Tommy Dow's father was but a short walk from Sunshine Street; and Dorothy, who had often walked there with Tommy, knew the way perfectly.

The lawyer was just putting away some papers preparatory to going home, when Thorpe and Company opened the door.

He begged the new-comers to be seated, and sat down himself with his face turned inquiringly to Mr. Thorpe.

The poor young man still wore the bewildered expression that had frightened Dorothy. He seemed hardly to notice Mr. Dow's presence, and to his "Now, if you please, sir, will you state your business?" made no answer at all.

"Ahem!" said the small voice of the junior partner; "we have been accused of 'bezzling.'"



"We have been accused of 'bezzling,'" — *Page 60.*

“Well, upon my word,” cried the lawyer, glancing first at Dorothy and then at her father, “how very extraordinary! Sir,” turning to Mr. Thorpe, “what under the heavens did you bring that child for?”

“He did n’t bring me,” said Dorothy, sweetly; “I brought him. I told him you were a *good* lawyer.”

“She knows about as much as I do of the whole affair,” said Mr. Thorpe, slowly recovering himself under the sharp eyes of the lawyer. “I have been falsely accused of embezzling, by Jonathan Black & Brother, whose book-keeper I was, and have come to you for advice.”

It was quite dark when Dorothy and her father went out again into the street. There had been a long conversation between the two men which the child

had been unable to understand ; but she knew that her father had at last aroused from the dull stupor that distressed her so, and meant to fight with every inch of his being for their good name. With the natural elasticity of childhood, she laid her fears aside, sure that so good a lawyer as Tommy Dow's father could set matters straight.

CHAPTER VI.

“IT is very nice, is it not,” said Dorothy one day to her papa, “that Tommy Dow’s father does all the work and we don’t have anything to do about our case? It’s very lucky, because I should n’t really know what to do. That’s the ’vantage, I suppose, of having a good lawyer. Will we have anything to do at all, papa?”

“Only to pay his fee, my dear,” replied her father, as cheerfully as might be.

“Fee? that’s money, I suppose,” said Dorothy, concealing her dismay with a smile.

When her father had lost his position at Jonathan Black & Brother's, and "our salary" had ceased to come in regular instalments, the question of money became very perplexing to Thorpe and Company.

Mr. Thorpe had wished to leave Mrs. Kipp's fourth-story front at once, and remove into cheaper quarters; but that dear good woman would not listen to such a plan for a moment.

"Why, Mr. Thorpe," she had said, "I am surprised, I am indeed, that you should propose any such thing, knowing, as of course you do, that it would be like drawing my heart out to take Dorothy away! Has n't she been as dear to me as a child of my own ever since the night you brought her here, a mite of a baby, but chipper as you please in all that driving storm? Besides, I hope

I'm not one as won't stand by folks when they are in trouble ; and as for the rent it can just wait till it's convenient for you to pay it."

That might not be for a long time hence. To raise the necessary money, therefore, he sold his watch and various other articles of value. But his books were still in their accustomed places on the shelves, and it broke Dorothy's heart to see him look sadly at them, knowing it was in his mind that these too must soon be sacrificed.

"It isn't fair," she reflected, "that all his things should be sold and that I should keep mine. If I knew how to sell them, I would."

She had a great many little keepsakes which had been given her from time to time by various persons who had been captivated by her gentle beauty and the

quaint dignity of her manner. These, one day, she took to a jeweller, who named so small a sum as the price he would be willing to give for them, that he himself smilingly advised her not to sell them to him. It was just as she was returning from this unsuccessful expedition that she for the first time noticed a red flag on the house beyond Tommy Dow's, the owner of which had recently died.

"That red flag means that there is going to be an auction," said Tommy, who was watching the people as they mounted the steps. "Let's go too."

"Do you have to pay?" asked Dorothy, discreetly.

Being assured that no such embarrassing demand would be made, Dorothy followed her friend without further ado; and here it was that the bright

idea came to her mind that her unsalable wares might be disposed of by auction. A consultation with Tommy ensued, in which he assured her of his ability to act as auctioneer; and then she went merrily home to look over her possessions.

Spreading them out upon the table, she was really surprised to see how much property she owned. There were nine dolls, a doll's carriage, a bed, and much furniture besides, which upon being rubbed up looked nearly as good as new. Some of the dolls she was loath to part with, particularly a splendid damsel in an æsthetic peacock-green gown, which she admired very much. However, she was determined to allow no favoritism among her children, but dispose of the whole lot at once. Then, besides the toys,

there were two dainty bangles, a dear little turquoise pin, another with a small pearl in the centre; a string of amber beads cut into queer figures, and a silver watch. There were fans and fineries of all sorts, dear to Dorothy's heart as the gift of this one or that among her many friends. Yes, they were all gifts; and she felt that it was a grave discourtesy to the donors to sell them at all.

In the drawer where these were mostly kept was a small box tied carefully with a ribbon, which held a valuable ring that had been her mother's. But although she drew it forth and examined it, Dorothy did not add this to her collection. The ring had been given her by her father, with the request that she should keep it carefully until she was old enough



"Perhaps if I should sell the ring she would think we have forgotten her."—*Page 69.*

to wear it. It must not be sold, therefore, without his permission; and this she could not ask for without speaking of the auction, which she wished to keep a secret from him until the proceeds were safely placed in the portemonnaie. And besides this, in Dorothy's heart there was a tender feeling for the young mother whom she had never known that forbade her to part with the ring she had once worn.

"It seems as if it would hurt her feelings if I were to sell it," the little girl thought, as she twirled the sparkling jewel around her finger. "Perhaps she would even think that we have forgotten her; but I know if she were here she would willingly give it up to help dear papa."

The auction was to take place on the following day, in the basement of

Tommy Dow's house. To be exact, it was to take place in the laundry, from the window of which a flaming flag, made out of one of Mrs. Kipp's red flannel petticoats, fluttered gayly in the breeze. There was a placard pasted on the basement door, too, which was a close imitation of the one which had advertised the previous auction sale, and which began thus: "Auction sale of the household goods of the late Dorothy Thorpe." Then followed such an elaborate catalogue of dolls and dolls' toys, books, games, and the like, that every child on Sunshine Street resolved to be present.

Before the hour arrived, however, Dorothy's idea of politeness led her to make a call upon each person whose gift was to be disposed of. It would be difficult to find a more oddly se-

lected group of friends than these for a damsel of eight; but however they might seem to others, to Dorothy they were one and all very lovable personages. There was Mrs. Le Grand, for instance, who had Mrs. Kipp's best rooms, a worldly old lady in black lace and bugles, that made herself as disagreeable as possible to everybody. How was it that Dorothy had found the key to her heart? Then all agreed that Professor Grumpinson was a crusty old scholar, fond of no society but his own; but Dorothy knew he could be as agreeable as the best of them. She could not see why little Miss Miller should not be a general favorite. As for her being ill-natured and envious, the child would not believe a word of it. To her she was like sunshine itself, and so it was with them all.

“Lor’, that Dorothy is a witch, and that’s what she is,” Mrs. Kipp would say, “and can persuade the blackest wretch to show himself as gentle as a lamb to please her; for she will have it that everybody is as good as herself.”

These were the little girl’s friends, — these, and several others apparently no more to a child’s fancy; and Dorothy called on them all to explain why she was going to part with their gifts.

The day of the auction proved exceptionally fine, which must account for the large number of persons who congregated in the Dows’ laundry. The tubs had been covered with boards on which were spread the articles for sale, the latter being carefully inspected by the children, notwithstanding the watchful eye of the auctioneer and his repeated command,

“Hands off, ladies and gentlemen; please don't finger the goods!”

The owner of these was secreted behind a clothes-horse covered with shawls. That she was an interested spectator of the scene was made evident by whispered comments, probably intended for Tommy's ear, but distinctly audible to all. Such exclamations as, “Mrs. Le Grand, I declare, in her best black silk!” or, “Here comes the Professor on the lookout for bargains!” put every one in good humor.

The first object to be sold was one of the dolls. “Ahem! Ladies and gentlemen,” began Tommy, “what am I offered for this beautiful Paris doll? A very accomplished lady,—both eyes open and shut, and it says ‘Mamma’ almost as well as a parrot.”

“It’s got a piece broken off its nose,” here interrupted a child’s voice; “I saw it.”

“Beg your pardon, madam,” said Tommy, turning the doll round so as to get a view of its features; “it’s only — er — a little *retroussée*.”

Upon this cool assertion the presence of the auctioneer was instantly demanded behind the screen, where the following dialogue in loud whispers took place:—

“Tommy, she is right. I dropped that doll downstairs ever so long ago. I want you to tell the truth.”

“Pooh! an auctioneer never does *that*; he has to *sell* things,” protested the boy. “Now don’t be a goose! That fellow, the other day, said what he chose, and no one popped up to contradict.”

“Well, but poor Mr. White could n’t pop up, on account of his being *dead*. He had a splendid excuse, you see, and I have n’t any at all.”

Then Tommy stoutly declared that Dorothy would have to sell her own wares, and it began to look as if there would be no further proceedings that day; but presently he reappeared, evidently conquered, and the sale went on.

“This beautiful doll, then,” he admitted, “has met with an accident and lost the tip of her nose. I don’t think it has injured her looks in the least; and her eyes are in perfect condition, and — and — ” stammered Tommy, wildly seeking other perfections.

“And she has a *very* affectionate heart,” prompted the tearful voice of its bereaved mamma.

“A very affectionate heart!” repeated,

Tommy. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, what do you offer me?"

"Ten cents," said a bold little girl in a big hat.

"Ten cents! She offers me *ten* cents for this beautiful Paris doll!" cried Tommy, in such an exact imitation of the sarcastic tone of his model that Dorothy laughed outright.

"Well, fifteen then," said the same voice that had offered ten, "and that's enough, — or perhaps twenty-five."

"Twenty-five; make it fifty. Will you give me fifty? Seventy-five! A capital chance, Miss Marthy Ann, to enlarge your stock! Seventy-five; will you gimme seventy-five?"

"Seventy-five," said Marthy Ann.

"Seventy-five! gimme dollar? Am I offered dollar?"

"No, indeed, you are n't," cried the

girl with the big hat. "I guess not, for that cracked up thing."

"Dollar!" said the indignant Marthy Ann, bidding in her wrath against herself, with a scowl for Miss Big Hat, and a smile for the eyes peering out from between the shawls.

"Dollar! dollar for this lovely doll! Make it dollar fifty! Gimme fifty — forty — thirty — fifty," sputtered Tommy, excitedly; and catching Professor Grumpinson's nod, closed with: "This beautiful Paris doll sold to Professor Grumpinson at a dollar and a half!"

"Dear me! why, what will he do with it?" inquired Dorothy, in an anxious whisper.

"Never you mind! Teach it Greek, for all I care," replied the excited auctioneer.

The next object sold was the favorite

æsthetic doll in the green gown, which was knocked down to the little shop-keeper, whose affection for her favorite customer led her to reach the extravagant bid of two dollars.

And so the sale went on, until poor Dorothy was absolutely childless; the last dolly being borne away by one of her playfellows for the paltry sum of twenty-five cents. This doll was always called by Thorpe senior "a masterly fragment," having lost all its features, a leg, and both arms. Perhaps it had brought all it was worth; but it is a sad fate, at eight years, to own not a chick or a child; and Dorothy could not help calling the little girl into her sanctum, where she bestowed a tragic maternal kiss upon her departing darling.

After the dolls, the other toys were

sold; and then came the keepsakes. Dorothy clapped her hands over her ears when she heard the bids for her pretty turquoise pin; but as they rose higher and higher, her feelings merged into one of extreme astonishment; and when it was finally knocked down, for twenty-five dollars, to Mrs. Le Grand, who had originally given it to her, she exclaimed, with unconscious rudeness, "That's more than she gave for it in the beginning, I do believe."

There was one thing about the sale that seemed a very curious coincidence to Dorothy, which was that each article should go back into the possession of the giver. The Professor carried off the bangles he had presented to her with so many pretty speeches on her last birthday. And Mrs. Le Grand bought the watch as well as the pin,

both having been her gifts to the little girl. Even the pretty French lady, who had "fallen in love" with Dorothy from the windows of the opposite house, had come to the auction with the others, and had outbid them all when the amber beads with which she had once decked her little favorite were put up for sale, saying, in her funny, broken English, "Eets a tousand pitie ze leetle sing should part wiz zese, zey become her zo mooch."

At last everything was sold, and the buyers, laughing and chattering, went their way. Then it was Dorothy came out from her hiding-place and gazed in silence around the room. All her pretty things had gone; but there was a bright cheerfulness in her eyes as she counted over the money that had been left in their stead. Oh, how it would

stuff out the lank sides of the old portemonnaie, and make her papa's heart rejoice!

Tommy, congratulating her on her good luck, gallantly escorted her to her own doorstep, and sped home to describe the sale to his mother, who had been unable to be present.

"And the jolliest part of it is," cried the boy, "that the people have agreed among themselves to return all these things to her on her next birthday. Not the children, of course; but they have nothing but dolls and such rubbish, and so Dorothy will have the money and her things too. That's what it is to be popular!"

CHAPTER VII.

IT happened very curiously that just as Dorothy had slipped the proceeds of her sale into the portmonnaie and shut it up in the drawer, her papa came in; and his first words after kissing his little girl were, "Dorothy, my darling, how much money have we in the purse?"

Dorothy was obliged to keep her face well out of view as she replied, "Here it is, papa! You count it."

He sank down into a chair and opened the purse, saying, "It won't take me long I suspect. Let me see, here are five, ten, fifteen. Is that a twenty? Another ten! Why, how is this, child?"

Here is a good deal of money; and the last time I asked you about it we had but ten dollars left."

"It has been put in since," said Dorothy, demurely. "Hold up your head a little higher, dear! I want to fix your necktie; it's crooked."

"Put in since? Why, when? I don't remember," cried poor papa, with his head tipped at such an angle that he could not see the mirthful gray eyes, nor catch the smile lurking around Dorothy's lips, which were pursed up in a would-be primness while she said, —

"You are so absent-minded, almost as bad as the Professor! Just think, this morning he went out with two hats on, — his own and Mr. Waterman's, which had been put on top of it."

"But about the money? I am not so absent-minded that you can play tricks

like this on me. How did we come by it?"

"The trouble with you, papa, is, you are either too absent-minded or not absent-minded enough," said Dorothy, laughing; but she proceeded to explain how they came to be so rich.

"Oh, my child," he cried in a pained voice when she had told her story, "it was not necessary that you should sacrifice your poor little treasures!" But though he took the little face between his hands and searched it carefully, he could find no shadow dimming its radiance.

"Don't you think it's nice that we can pay Mrs. Kipp?" she said, in her sunny fashion. "I thought that would give you pleasure."

"Truly it does. She cannot afford to wait for her money, and now we can

pay her up to the end of this week and yet have quite a sum left."

They counted the bills over together; Mr. Thorpe too touched by the child's love and courage to spoil her pleasure by useless regret. He gave her the joy of knowing that her generosity had really brought him relief.

"Yes, Mrs. Kipp will be right glad of this," said Dorothy thoughtfully, touching the pile of money on the table in front of her. "That gentleman with the big beard and the diamond ring went away without paying his board, but she would never let us know if she needed it ever so much, dear good Auntie Kipp! Do you know, papa, she is almost too good to me?" the little girl resumed after a pause. "It makes me feel bashful sometimes when she saves all the best things at the table for me;

and I am sure the other boarders don't like it."

"Nonsense, child! they don't care."

"Oh yes, papa, I heard all the little old ladies talking together about it in the parlor. There was Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Green and little Miss Miller, and Miss Miller said that Mrs. Kipp always gives *her* the back of the chicken. 'When she serves the pie,' Mrs. Smith said," went on Dorothy, "'she cuts off a whole quarter of a one for that child, and she sends me a little sliver no bigger than *that!*'" and Dorothy, who had unconsciously mimicked the voice of Mrs. Smith, now marked off the different sizes of the pie on her hand, in such good imitation of the impressive manner of the indignant boarder that Mr. Thorpe threw back his head and laughed.

"Well, it's too bad to make fun of poor

Mrs. Smith," resumed Dorothy, happy to see her father in such good spirits, "for she is a very nice old lady, after all. This morning when I carried her one of the roses the Professor brought me, she kissed me just as warmly as if I *had n't* had more than my share of the pie. Mrs. Green and Miss Miller are nice too, and I'm sorry they have the back of the chicken. If I always had it, I dare say I should make a fuss too."

"You would never know it, my girl," cried papa, catching Dorothy up and kissing her.

"But if I did I would n't like it," laughed the child. "I should think sometimes it ought to go to *you*."

"Dorothy, you are a fraud. You know you would n't care a farthing, and you only say so to excuse those greedy old ladies."

“Not greedy, — oh no, papa,” Dorothy protested eagerly; “you must n’t think they are greedy.”

“Then why do they grumble, my dear?”

“I think their feelings are hurt, — that must be the reason, papa, — and it’s awful to have your feelings hurt, you know. I shall tell Auntie Kipp that such big pieces of pie will make me ill. Perhaps I had better go now, so I shall be sure not to forget it.”

That evening was the pleasantest Thorpe and Company had passed since their troubles began. It was such a relief to be out of debt again that Dorothy’s spirits rose to their usual level. Herr von Stein was brought out, and made merry music once more for his two friends. I say once more, for he had been able of late to dis-

course only in such sad tones that it quite gave one the blues to listen to him; but it was evident that to-night he was in a very different mood. Dorothy sat on a foot-stool at her father's feet while he played; and it really seemed to her that Herr von Stein was trying to comfort them. "Life now is rough and stormy," he sang, "but presently it will flow on again like a sunny stream beneath kind skies. Only continue, little Dorothy, to love and trust, and all will be well."

The money left in the purse did not hold out, however, as long as Dorothy had anticipated, and very soon it seemed to her the time came when she was obliged to own, in answer to her father's inquiry, that it was all gone.

It is marvellous what a cheerful

manner they immediately assumed, although they carefully explored every chink in the old portemonnaie.

“Now, you see, there is plenty of room for some more,” Dorothy observed, as she stretched it open till its numerous compartments seemed like so many gaping mouths.

To fill these the books were finally sold; and worse even than this, oh much worse, Herr von Stein was in pawn. Dorothy wept many bitter tears while thinking of their beautiful friend, broken-hearted no doubt in the dirty little shop of a pawnbroker; and if she felt it so deeply, what then were her father's feelings, when so many tender associations clustered around the instrument? This money too was fast slipping away, and it daily became more difficult for Thorpe and Company to

confront life with a brave heart and a smiling face. In vain Dorothy looked over her remaining trinkets for anything of value to dispose of. There was nothing but her mother's ring; and when she brought it out one day and offered it to her father, he covered his eyes and groaned.

“ No, Dorothy, not *yet*.”

All this was painful enough; but Dorothy comforted herself with the thought that the following month “ our case ” would be tried, and after that she believed there would be no more troubles of this sort. How glad she would be to have the old comfortable salary every month! Yes, comfortable, even though she did have to pinch here and there to make it cover their needs. She had at first thought it strange that her papa, after his dis-

charge from Jonathan Black & Brother's, had not sought another position, and had asked him in some surprise if he did not mean to find one. The answer was made in a tone that told how painful it was to explain to her that no one would employ a man who is suspected of dishonesty.

Dorothy would have borne a great deal of discomfort rather than ask the question had she known it would give her father pain, and she instantly resolved to ask him no more. This resolution the child bravely kept, puzzling by herself over matters which she was supposed to be too young to think of at all. The truth is that Dorothy did not wish to speak to others of this trouble, and if broached, put the subject aside in a manner of her own at once proud and gentle.

Even yet I have not recounted all the little girl's worries. Among these her father's cough took a conspicuous place, for it was rapidly growing worse, and no remedies brought relief. In her anxiety Dorothy would have bought all of these that she heard of; but this would require money, and there was none to spare. Mr. Thorpe never wore gloomy looks in the presence of Dorothy; but she was sure he was not as cheerful as he would have her believe, knowing, poor little soul! that it is possible to smile and jest when there is nothing in the mind but care and trouble.

One evening while she sat looking wistfully at him, he suddenly said, "Dorothy, you wish to ask me something. What is it, darling?" And when she shook her head he was not

convinced, for love gave him a power to look right into her heart, and he added, "You wish to ask me something about the case."

So she hid her face on his shoulder and whispered, "Has Tommy Dow's father found out who took the money?"

"Not yet," was the answer; "but we must not be discouraged, dear."

There was still another question trembling on her lips, but the child did not ask it. She talked about other things, avoiding any subject which would bear upon this one, privately wondering however, in her own heart, what would happen to her father and herself if Tommy Dow's father did not gain the case.

The following morning Dorothy and Tommy went together for a walk. They rambled over the Common and then to the Public Garden, where they

stood long and watched the boats on the Pond, and then homeward along Beacon Street, their faces turned toward the State House. The fine old street was gay that pleasant spring morning with carriages dashing along its length, gay dames fluttering hither and thither, and the dear babies toddling on the pavement with their white-capped nurses. The sunlight was checkered by the great elms of the Beacon Street mall on the Common, and here and there in front of the houses were beds of crocus, making patches of bright colors. It did not seem that care and sorrow ever invaded these cheerful dwellings. One of the finest of these Tommy pointed out as being the home of Judge Hartwell.

“Your case is going to be tried before him. I heard father say so, and I heard him say something else too; and that is,”

continued the boy, as Dorothy, notwithstanding her curiosity, remained silent, — “that is, he does not at all expect to gain it. He says your father has n’t a leg to stand on.”

“Why, I should think not having taken the money,” cried poor little Dorothy, “would be a very *good* leg to stand on.”

“It may seem so,” Tommy admitted, “but that does n’t count for much. The fact is the money has been stolen, and *somebody* must be punished.”

Here at last was the opportunity to settle the question that had so puzzled Dorothy. She looked anxiously at Tommy’s sturdy back as he marched on ahead whistling a merry air. Small boys, as a rule, are not troubled by too tender sympathies, and it would not pain *him* to answer her question.

With a mighty effort little Dorothy summoned all her courage. "Tommy," she said, "you know everything about law; tell me what will they do to papa if we lose the case?"

"Send him to state-prison," was the prompt and cheerful reply.

"Are you sure?"

"Why, of course. When I am a man I shall be a lawyer myself, and I know now just what will be done. See now, Dorothy, if all does not happen like this! He will be tried before the judge next May, and if the jury —"

"And what is that?" asked the child.

"Why, the twelve men who after the witnesses are examined will decide whether your father is guilty or not."

"And who are the witnesses?"

"They are the people who tell what

they know about the case. Maybe you will be called as a witness."

"If I am, then there will be no need of any others, for I can tell them all about it. I *know* that papa did n't take the money."

"Well, there will be plenty of others, you'll find; but father says he hopes you won't be called, for children are sure to let out something that had best be kept quiet."

"I cannot do that, for there is nothing to let out," said Dorothy, rather proudly.

But Tommy continued heedless of the interruption: "And so, after all the witnesses have testified, the jury will decide whether or not your father is guilty, and if guilty, the judge will pronounce this sentence,—to serve so many years in state-prison. In my opinion, the judge does n't amount to much anyhow," added

this future ornament to the legal profession. "So far as I can see he has nothing to do but to sentence the criminals."

Tommy walked on briskly for a few paces, and, then commenting on his companion's surprising dolefulness, proposed a race home. Dorothy assented; but when Tommy reached the goal she was nowhere within sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOROTHY had not cared to win the race, for what Tommy Dow had said filled her mind with alarm. She began to fear that she had been mistaken in Tommy Dow's father, and that perhaps, notwithstanding his generosity at the time when Marthy Ann's shop was first opened, he was not so good a lawyer as she had believed. She was distressed that he did not wish her for a witness, being quite sure she could make everybody understand that Thorpe and Company had never been guilty of dishonesty.

For some time she stood looking reflectively down the street, and then

walked resolutely back to the house that had been pointed out to her as Judge Hartwell's.

After mounting the steps and giving the bell a sharp pull, she was admitted to the vestibule by a colored man, who informed her that the Judge was within.

"Then please go and tell him that a person wants to see him on business," said Dorothy.

"He, he!" giggled the black gentleman; "I'se right sorry, but I cawn't. No, marm, I'se not to 'sturb de Judge on no account whatever. Dem is his special orders."

"Well, I must see him," persisted the "person" in a sweet, soft voice; "so I think I'll come in and wait."

There was a large hall-chair just inside, and Dorothy walked calmly in

and seated herself upon it. "I've come on business, you see," she explained.

She looked so very small in that big chair, and her grave manner contrasted so oddly with the infantine face in its muslin cap, that the man leaned against the wall and laughed. Dorothy was wondering what the joke might be, when the servant suddenly became as solemn as an owl, and she was conscious of the figure of a gentleman standing in the doorway directly opposite to her.

"Dis pusson, sah, wishes to see you on business, sah," said the servant, with his eyes rolling in the direction of Dorothy. "I tole her you was busy dis arfternoon.'

Dorothy looked curiously at Judge Hartwell, and thought him a very large and imposing-looking gentleman, for he had a commanding manner and the

air of a person who is accustomed to be obeyed. His hair and beard were iron-gray. He had a hooked nose, and eyes that looked searchingly at her from under bushy eyebrows.

"Yes," said Dorothy, "it was n't his fault at all. He told me that you wouldn't see me, but I *would* come in. I meant to wait, though, until it was convenient for you. I did n't mean to disturb you *now*. Had I better wait here, or go home and come back again by and by?"

"As you are already here, why not tell me at once what you want?"

"What, *here*, in this hall!" cried Dorothy, looking at the waiter, who had been listening with much interest and amusement to what she said. "Well, I suppose I ought to have told you that I came on *private* business."

She looked at him so solemnly, and with such evident belief in the importance of her errand, that after staring at her for a moment, the Judge found himself saying, "Well, well, child, come with me!"

He led the way through several large rooms into one in which stood a dining-table. The cloth had been removed, and there was nothing upon it but a filigree silver basket of fruit. The air was full of smoke, and it was evident that the Judge had here been enjoying his after-dinner cigar.

He placed a chair for his visitor, who was obliged to give an undignified jump to get into it; but once ensconced in its depth she had a very sedate air, and proceeded to explain, in a soft but earnest little voice, the object of her visit.

"Tommy Dow, who knows everything about law, tells me that you are to be the judge in our case," she began.

"Your case, eh?" said the Judge, smiling a little in a grave sort of way. "A case of importance, no doubt?"

"Oh, no!" answered Dorothy; "a case of 'bezzlement. It's a very queer case, because the real 'bezzler can't be found, and in the mean time, you know, they accuse *us*."

The Judge had not seated himself, but stood with his back to the fireplace, looking down very sharply at poor little Dorothy. It is not to be wondered at that as she stopped, he could only say, with a perplexed frown, "Upon my word, child, I don't know what you are talking about."

"Well, never mind!" was the encouraging reply. "I didn't understand it,

either, at first; but Tommy Dow, who knows everything about law, explained it to me, and I am going to explain it to you. You see we used to be book-keeper for Jonathan Black & Brother."

"Jonathan Black & Brother?" repeated the Judge, recognizing the name of a well-known firm. "Do you mean to say you kept their books?"

"Well, I suppose I didn't *really*; but papa did, and so it seems just as if I did too," said the child. "If you don't mind, I think I'll say *we*, because I'm so used to it. A little while ago we lost our position at Jonathan Black & Brother's. They accused us of stealing their money—they call it '*bezzling*'—but I am going to make it just as easy as I can for you; and these queer words mix one up so. It's all a mis-

take, of course ; but Tommy Dow's father, who is our lawyer, has not been able to find out who took the money, and it may be that he won't find out at all. It would not matter so much about that, if he would only 'low me to be a witness. I suppose you know what a *witness* is?"

"Yes," replied the Judge, meekly, "I know that much."

"If I could only be a witness, I could explain to those twelve men who decide everything, that we didn't take the money. It would save them ever so much trouble, I am sure. But you see how it is," went on Dorothy, eagerly ; "and so I thought perhaps, as Tommy Dow says you don't have very much to do, you would be willing to explain it to them for me."

As the Judge slowly realized what

the child really meant, his face assumed a very stern expression.

“What is your name?” he asked.

“Dorothy Thorpe.”

“Did your mother know that you were coming here?”

“Oh,” said Dorothy, “my mamma is dead! There is no one but papa and me.”

“And did he know you were coming?”

“No; and neither did Tommy Dow. It was *private* business, you know. It’s just a secret between *us*.” She said this with the most confiding little air in the world; but Judge Hartwell went on, severely, —

“It was a very wrong thing for you to do, — very wrong indeed! One should not try to influence the opinion of the judge. You are too young

to understand that; but, at least, little girls should know that they must not meddle in the affairs of older people."

"Oh! but don't you see," cried Dorothy, "this is just as much my affair as papa's? Why, he feels it even more for me than he does for himself, — he said so. Oh, yes; half of it is my affair, I'm sure. But of course I wouldn't have come if I had known that it would trouble you so. Have I influenced your 'pinion *very* much?" she inquired anxiously.

"Well, perhaps not," replied the Judge, smiling a little. "But if I had realized that this was anything but child's play, I would not have listened to a word you have said. Now I will give you these oranges to take home, and we will say good-by."

He took a couple of the largest ones

from the dish, and offered them to the child as he spoke.

"I don't think I will take them, although they are splendid oranges; and I'm ever so much obliged to you for thinking of it," Dorothy managed to say in spite of her quivering lips. "I guess I'm a little — a little nervous."

The Judge was quite unaccustomed to children, but he understood very well how Dorothy felt. He could see that she wanted to cry, and was exercising all her self-control to speak calmly, and he was very grateful to her for sparing him a scene. It even occurred to him that he would like to comfort this brave little girl who was struggling so heroically with her disappointment. But what can be done for a child that refuses oranges?

Fortunately, Dorothy had now en-

tirely recovered herself. "I will go right away," she said in quite a steady voice; "but I *would* like to ask you a question." She got out of the large chair, and stood looking at him with her clear shining gray eyes, the witchery of which it was so difficult to resist. Gradually the stern look that struck terror into men's hearts melted away, and he stroked Dorothy's soft cheek with the reflection that he would like just such a winsome little creature as a child of his own.

Children are skilful readers of faces, and Dorothy knew she might venture to ask her question. "It's about something Tommy Dow told me," she said.

"Tommy Dow, who knows everything about law, I suppose?"

Dorothy nodded. "But I hope he

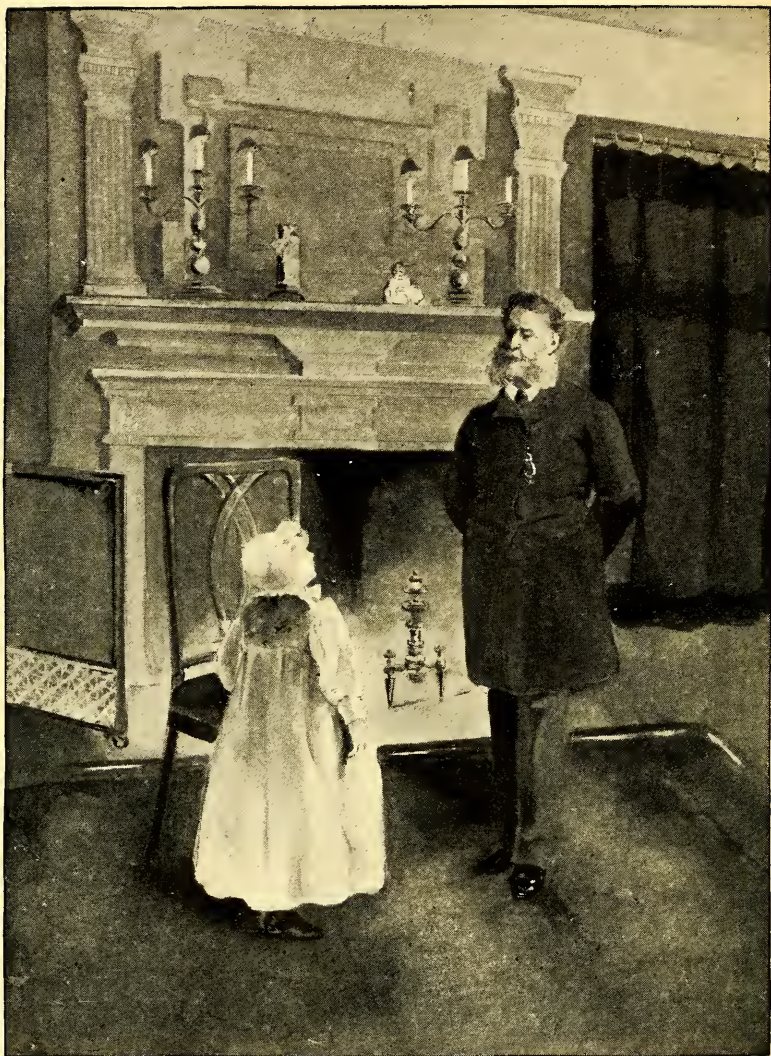
made a mistake this time; indeed I think he did, for he said that if we do not gain our case," — here the little voice trembled, — "they will send my papa to state-prison. Is that true?"

"It's not yet time to think of that," was the evasive reply.

"Oh, but it's ever so much better for persons to know the truth, so that they can — well, *try* and make up their minds to things," said Dorothy, gravely. "It takes a long while to make up your mind that your father may go to state-prison, you know. So please tell me if there is any danger of it."

"Bless my soul, if I were ever in such an awkward predicament!" said the Judge to himself, walking up and down the room in excitement. "I won't answer the child."

But he was spared this task, for Dor-



She looked at the judge, who had come back to his old place by the mantelpiece, and was watching her anxiously.— *Page 113.*

othy had already guessed by his silence that what she had feared was true. How cruel it seemed that such a thing could be! Dorothy felt that she could not bear it if the father she loved so dearly were thus unjustly punished and disgraced. But no, she told herself, she would not think of such a thing, for it could not be possible.

She looked at the Judge, who had come back to his old place by the mantelpiece and was watching her anxiously.

"Does it ever happen," she asked eagerly, "that those twelve men make a mistake? Oh, do you think you have ever sent *the wrong person* to state-prison?"

"I hope not, my dear. Heaven help me! I hope not," said the Judge, fervently.

“But does it ever happen, — could it happen?” she urged.

He held out his hand and drew the child towards him, having forgotten his “awkward predicament” in his pity for her.

“Come, come, my dear, don’t trouble your little head over such disagreeable questions!” he said kindly. “A little girl like you should be at play with her dolls. What you need is a handsome new one, eh, my dear?”

A new doll? No, Dorothy had no heart to think of toys; and this in her patient way she tried to tell Judge Hartwell. All her thoughts were fixed upon the question which he had left unanswered, and to which she returned with gentle persistence. The Judge was finally obliged to admit that such a thing as she suggested was possible;

but he made light of her fears, and in a kind and even tender way tried to reassure her. Although she listened carefully to what he was saying, it was easy to see there was still something on the child's mind.

"Well, I am ever so much obliged to you," she said at last, when he paused. "I am sure it was very good of you when you were so busy to see me at all, and I've stayed a long time already; but — I hope you won't think I'm very troublesome — before I go I want to ask you a favor."

"That's right, that's right!" The Judge thrust his hand into his pocket, as he spoke, hoping that she had repented of her refusal of the new doll. "I shall be glad to give you anything you want. What shall it be, my dear?"

“It will be a *promise*,” was the eager reply. “I want you to promise that if you send papa to state-prison you will send me there too.”

“Tut, tut!” cried the Judge; “we don’t send innocent little girls to state-prison.”

“But you must not send him there *alone*,” protested the child; “it would be cruel, and besides it would not be fair. If he ’bezzled, why then I ’bezzled too, for we do everything together. We are Thorpe and Company, and *belong* together. Oh!” cried Dorothy, tears for the first time coming into her gentle eyes, “papa is sick, and there will be no one there to take care of him, — no one to give him his cough-drops, or to see that his necktie is straight. He will always get it on crooked. I *must* go.”

“My dear child,” groaned the Judge,

"this is out of the question. You must ask some other favor. There, there! don't worry any more about it. It will all come out right, no doubt; and if your father is convicted, you shall come and live with me, and I will give you everything you want."

"I don't want anything but to be with papa. Just think how lonesome he would be there without me! I know there will be the other prisoners, but they will none of them be *me*, you know. Oh, I shall be ever so much obliged to you if you will only send me too!"

Judge Hartwell tried his best to soothe the excited little girl, but Dorothy noticed that he did not give the promise she had asked of him. There being now no longer an object in remaining, in a trembling voice she bade the Judge good-by.

As she got up, she was surprised to find herself shaking from head to foot; but she tried to smile, noticing that he was watching her with a very troubled air. A smile, however, is not to be managed with eyes brimming with tears and a quivering mouth, and Dorothy held out her hand instead. The tears dropped down from her lashes on to her cheeks; but others quickly filled her eyes, so that she could not see the black waiter as he opened the door for her, nor knew that the Judge had followed her, and that he was standing by the portière where she had first seen him. The fresh air from the street cooled her hot cheeks, and Dorothy moved quickly forward, and somehow — she never could tell exactly how it happened — she fell from the top step and lay a sad little heap on the sidewalk below.

CHAPTER IX.

FOR a brief moment, as she lay upon the pavement, Dorothy had a dim sense of the Judge bending over her, and then lost all consciousness of her surroundings. When she recovered herself, she was lying on a large bed in a splendid chamber. The Judge was here too, and with him at the foot of the bed another man who was saying, "It is rather a bad sprain, and she had better not be moved for a day or two; but it's nothing serious, nothing at all. Ah! she has come to. How do you feel, my dear?"

"I am very well, thank you, and I must get right up and go home. Papa will be worried."

But the first movement caused such a sharp twinge of pain that she sank back with a very pale little face against the pillow.

"We will send word to your father where to find you," the Judge told her kindly.

"And now," said the other gentleman, who was apparently a doctor, "we must bandage the ankle."

This proved to be a painful process; but Dorothy bore it bravely, although her puckered brow told how she suffered.

"There! she has fainted again," groaned the Judge, as the doctor deftly finished the operation.

"A fine child, sir!" said the other, leaning back in his chair composedly and admiring his patient. "All nerve and will power. Oh, she will come to in a moment or so; then give her some

sherry wine, and keep the bandage wet. I bid you good-day, sir;" and the doctor bowed himself out.

Left alone with the unconscious child, the Judge was ill at ease. "Confounded rascal, that doctor, to go off without doing a thing to bring her round!" he muttered. He seized a fan, and waved it with such a will that all the soft curls danced on Dorothy's forehead. Then he took one of the listless little hands, and began gently to chafe it. So pretty and helpless it looked as it lay in his own big palm, that a strange protecting and paternal feeling stirred the childless old gentleman's heart. He was still chafing it when Dorothy opened her eyes and murmured, —

"I didn't mean to make such a fuss. I think I must go home now to papa."

"Always 'papa'!" grumbled the other ;

but he gallantly raised the little hand to his lips, for loyalty is a quality he knew well how to value. Then, after questioning her as to her father's name and the number of the house and the street where they lived, he left her to the care of the housekeeper, who now came in with the wine, and he hurried downstairs, to send a servant for Mr. Thorpe.

This had been a very painful day for Dorothy's poor papa. It had begun with a most disagreeable interview with his lawyer, who it seemed was not really convinced in his own mind as to Mr. Thorpe's innocence; for in the course of the conversation he intimated that if he *had* embezzled the money it would be his wisest course to confess it to him, and they would work for a light sentence. The insinuation brought a crimson flush to the face of this high-

spirited young man, and he was so disgusted and disappointed in Tommy Dow's father that it seemed as if he could have nothing more to do with him. Then there was the money question to vex him; for it was certainly galling not to be able to pay Mr. Dow his fee as soon as the trial was over, although the lawyer had agreed to wait until a certain time, when a sum of money was due Mr. Thorpe. In truth, he was too proud to relish being under obligations to a man who had for a moment suspected him of a dishonest act; and bitterest of all, was the thought of Dorothy's future unprovided for. Should the case go against him, how could he leave her to the charity of Mrs Kipp, good and generous though she was? The money in the portemonnaie had now dwindled to a very small

sum; and he made up his mind, as he walked homeward that night, that he would give up his rooms on Sunshine Street, letting Mrs. Kipp tuck Dorothy into some unoccupied corner, as he knew well she would willingly do, and find cheaper quarters for himself in a poorer portion of the city.

So, as he mounted Mrs. Kipp's steps, it was with a heavy heart, thinking how painful this news would be to Dorothy. Oddly enough, no Dorothy came flying down the stairs as usual to meet him; but instead of her cheerful greeting, a note was handed him by the servant, with the information that the little girl had been away all day.

About dusk Dorothy was awakened from a refreshing sleep by the sound of voices in an adjoining room. One was the deep bass of the Judge, and the

other — yes, it was certainly that of her father; quite distinctly his words reached her, —

“I have but just received your note, Judge Hartwell, and I do not know how to thank you for the care you have taken of my child. I hope to be able, however, to remove her at once.”

“Impossible, young man, quite impossible! The doctor has advised her remaining, and you will be obliged to leave her with me for some days. You may rest assured that she will have good care.”

There was a tone in the Judge's voice that Dorothy had not heard before. It was by no means so pleasant as the one he had used when he begged her to ask a favor of him, and so different from the gentle accent of his voice as he bent over her while she lay upon

the sidewalk, that it might have belonged to another person altogether. She was glad when her father spoke again that it was in his proudest manner, —

“I would much rather put you to no such inconvenience; if however it should really be necessary for the child’s sake, I must submit to place myself under this obligation to you.”

“Stuff and nonsense!” replied the other, rudely. “You need not consider the question of obligation; I have taken a fancy to the child.”

“May I ask how the accident happened? I cannot understand how she should have been here at all,” asked Mr. Thorpe, after an awkward pause.

“Well, she came — ahem! on business.” The Judge said this in what Dorothy considered his kind voice; but

it immediately changed again as he went on to say: "On business that you and I, sir, had best ignore altogether. We will see the child in a moment, but first I have a few words to say to you."

There was another pause, in which Dorothy could hear the Judge fidget about the room; but when the conversation was resumed it was in too low a tone to reach her ear. What he said was this:—

"I told you, Mr. Thorpe, that I have taken a fancy to your little girl; and it was not, I assure you, an idle compliment. It would be a pleasure to me to keep her with me; and as you are not in a position at present to take care of a child, why not leave her here until after the trial? If the case goes against you, she will be provided for until you are at liberty to take her again, or leave her

permanently with me, as you may decide
What do you say to this proposition?"

"I have no right or wish to refuse it, sir," was the answer, in a low, sad tone. "Dorothy's future welfare is now my chief thought, and one which has long distressed me. If she consents to it, I shall not feel justified in making any opposition."

Judge Hartwell stroked his beard and looked rather thoughtful as he said, "She is evidently much attached to you, and the separation will be a trial to her, no doubt; but I hope she will not make a great fuss."

Mr. Thorpe smiled rather sadly. "Dorothy will not make a fuss. Oh, no, you need not fear that! If it breaks her heart, she will do what she thinks will please me, and you will hear no complaints. If she refuses to stay with

you, it will be because of a belief that I need her. However, if you leave it to me, I think I can persuade her to do as you wish. I will not attempt to thank you for your kindness to her, but you will find that she deserves it."

The Judge now rose, and motioned Mr. Thorpe to follow him. He liked the manly way Dorothy's father had accepted his offer, with no useless regrets for the sacrifice he himself was called upon to make. The little girl he thought had come honestly by her generous heart and winning manner.

Presently the door of Dorothy's room was softly opened. As her father came forward, she sprang up with a sunny smile of welcome, and Mr. Thorpe kneeling down put his arms tenderly around her, calling her by the fondest of his pet names for her. Whatever troubles

might be in store for them, they were at that moment a happy pair.

“ Oh, papa, papa,” cried Dorothy, nestling still closer against his breast, “ I’m so glad you have come. We are better off than the real ’bezzler after all, while we have each other. I do hope *he* has some one to comfort him, don’t you? Are you going to take me home now?”

Mr. Thorpe threw a hasty glance at the Judge, who stood watching them from the hall. As the latter walked away, it was with a guilty consciousness that Thorpe and Company had enlisted all his sympathies in their cause; and he was obliged to reassure himself many times by declaring that he had done no more for little Dorothy than common humanity demanded.

As his footsteps died away, Mr. Thorpe answered the child’s question.

"You can't be moved very well quite yet," he said, "and Judge Hartwell is kind enough to wish you to remain."

"Why, I should think he would be afraid of my influencing his 'pinion again. He said that was the reason why I ought not to have come here; and that reminds me, papa, aren't you going to scold me at all?"

"Ah, you know what a weak old papa I am, little one! I *can't* scold you," he said fondly, while he played with her sunny locks and wondered how he could best break the unpleasant news to her.

"Well, after all, you need n't scold if you don't wish to," said Dorothy, with gracious indulgence. "I am already sorry that I came. It did no good, and the Judge was rather — well, he was n't *exactly* polite — just at first, you know. If a person makes a call upon a person,

she expects that other person to be glad to see her, does n't she, papa? Well, do you know, he *was n't* glad to see me. I found it out directly, and it was n't agreeable at all. But I dare say a judge can't act like ordinary persons, because he has to be so careful about his 'pinion. I think he was sorry for me afterward, although he would n't do what I asked of him, and he offered me a new doll. Papa, are you paying attention to me?"

"Yes, dear, I am thinking that the Judge is a very, very kind man, and that I shall have to leave you with him for a while,—until after the trial, for instance."

"Papa," cried Dorothy, in a frightened little voice, "of course you are joking. We *could n't* be separated. We have often said so, you know; that's why they

call us Thorpe and Company. I like most jokes, but this one — it hurts me.”

“Dorothy dear, it is n’t a joke ; but you shall do as you please about staying,” Thorpe senior was forced into saying ; and he kissed the white brow under its soft curly locks, declaring to himself that he would not compel her to leave him.

“Well, I shall please not to, then. Why should I leave you, darling papa ? You don’t wish me to, I know.”

“I would keep you always with me if it were best, but sometimes, you know, what we like is *not* for the best. I cannot keep Mrs. Kipp’s room any longer. I cannot afford it ; but I intended to leave you with her and take a cheaper room elsewhere. In that case we should be separated, Dorothy.”

“But who would sew on your but-

tons?" cried the child, in a triumphant tone. "You see you never could take care of yourself, dear; I shall *have* to go too."

But with some difficulty her father made her see that this would be inconvenient, and that if she stayed with Judge Hartwell it would relieve him of much anxiety. When Dorothy became convinced of this, as Mr. Thorpe had foretold, she acquiesced with her usual sweet patience, even agreeing to be as cheerful as she could out of compliment to her host.

"I think I can manage it if I do feel sad," the little girl declared, "for I have had so much practice."

When, after bidding the child good-night, Mr. Thorpe went out into the hall, he was surprised to find Judge Hartwell awaiting him there.

“Come as often as you can to see Dorothy,” he said to him with grave courtesy; “but of course you understand it is better that you and I should not meet.” Then he shook hands with the young man, and they saw each other no more until the day of the trial.

CHAPTER X.

DOROTHY felt very sober as her father closed the door of the unfamiliar room and left her alone in it. It was her first separation from him, and she could not believe he would be comfortable without her care. However, if she allowed herself to think of this it would be impossible to keep her promise. To be cheerful was a very difficult part of her task; but she began by bravely choking back her tears and trying to look as if she were enjoying her visit, in case the Judge should come in again to see her.

It was well she did so, for presently there was a tap at her door, and a kind

voice inquired if she were in the mood to receive company. The Judge had feared that he would find the little girl with a very long face, and was much gratified by her gracious welcome. He held in his hand a beautiful doll, which he placed on the bed beside Dorothy, who gave a cry of delight and gathered it into her arms in a maternal manner that the giver thought very amusing.

"Ah!" he said, as he stood rubbing his hands in a pleased way and watching her; "so my ancient friend has a weakness for dolls, after all. Is it a nice one, my dear? I am not a judge of the article, and perhaps the clerk cheated me."

"Oh, no, he did n't. It's the biggest doll and the handsomest one I ever had," was the emphatic reply. "Yes, it's even more beautiful than Alice

Maud, who was my favorite. Poor dear thing! I was perfectly devoted to her."

"What happened to the damsel?"

"Why, I—I sold her," answered Dorothy.

"That *was* being devoted. To whom did you sell it?"

"To Professor Grumpinson."

"Then I am not the only old fellow who buys dolls," said the Judge. "I did n't know Grumpinson had a family."

"Oh, he has n't," cried Dorothy; "he bought the doll for himself."

She went on to describe how the Professor came to be in possession of the lovely Alice Maud; the interest of the Judge in her account of the auction being so flattering that she confided many of her secret misgivings on the subject to his ear. Among them was the fear

that the Professor had bought the doll merely to oblige herself, and not because he really wished it. She derived much consolation from his argument that deep minds like the Professor's require some means of relaxation, and that Alice Maud undoubtedly furnished him with wholesome diversion.

"Perhaps one reason that he bought her was because she was his namesake," said Dorothy.

"His namesake, eh? Then the Professor's name is Alice Maud Grumpinson, is it?" asked the Judge, with an innocent air.

"Why, no, of course not! His name is *Thomas*. I changed it a little, you see. Papa says it was n't compli — complimentary," bringing out the long word with a great effort; "and the next time I name a doll for any one I sha'n't

change it at all. I think I'll name *this* doll for you. What is your name, please?"

"Jonas," replied the Judge, with a twinkle in his eyes.

To give the beautiful creature such a name as this was rather more than Dorothy bargained for; but she would listen to no compromise, and Jonasine, which she concluded was the feminine of Jonas, it was christened upon the spot.

When night came the little girl was very glad of the company of Jonasine, although Rosy, the good-natured chambermaid, slept on a cot in the next room, to be within call. In the morning Dorothy's ankle was much better, and very soon she was able to be carried downstairs by Samuel, the colored man, who was always ready to dance attendance upon "the little pusson."

No parent could be kinder than Judge Hartwell was to Dorothy. It seemed as if there were no end to the pleasant surprises he planned for her; and as for presents, — why, he fairly ransacked the shops for such toys as he thought would please her, and brought home so many pretty things that Dorothy's room looked like a bazaar. Among them he one day presented her a toy fiddle. When Dorothy saw it memory pierced her with its sting, and tears choked the thanks she tried to offer.

"It reminded me so of poor Herr von Stein," she stammered apologetically, as soon as she could speak.

"Well, well," said the Judge, who had been regarding her anxiously, "it shall be taken right away; it shall be banished."

"Oh, that's just what was done to Herr von Stein!" she cried.

“Herr von Stein, eh! Well, I dare say the old Dutchman deserved it.”

Dorothy shook her head in earnest denial. “Never! It was done just for the money. We put him in pawn — in *pawn*, dear lovely Herr von Stein! Do you suppose he minds very much being left in that horrid shop?”

The Judge looked thoughtfully at the child’s anxious little face. “Do you feel quite well this morning, my dear?” he inquired, pushing the wavy locks from her brow. “You are not feverish, I hope?”

“No, I’m not feverish at all; but I can’t help feeling it that dear Herr von Stein is in pawn. You would yourself if he were a friend of yours, even if he is only a violin.”

“Oh, he is a violin, is he?”

“Why, yes! You see, when I was

very small," explained Dorothy, "I fancied that the dear thing was alive, and it did n't seem quite respectful to speak of anything that 's alive as *it*,—just as if he were no different from a stick or a door-knob, you know. Why, even my dollies each had a name."

"Ah, I see!" said the Judge; "and so you called it Herr von Stein. Did you go with your father when he carried it to the pawn-shop?"

"No; he carried it in the evening after I had gone to bed. I did n't find it out right away, for you see since we have been in so much trouble we have not listened to him very much. He seems to feel so sorry for us that he always makes me cry. When I knew what had happened, I got papa to show me where the place was, and I went every day and stayed a long time by

the window, so he would see me, and know I had not forgotten him."

Dorothy wondered that the Judge inquired so particularly about the location of this little shop; but she understood it the next day when he came in with a triumphant smile upon his face, and Herr von Stein under his arm.

When the child was able to go out of doors, this good friend gave her a pretty little purse, containing quite a sum of money, which he said she was to spend as she pleased. In fact, he especially requested that she should give him no account of it.

"Why, that's queer!" said Dorothy; "and why not?"

"Well, my dear, it's so vulgar to talk about money," was the answer.

"Dear me! I have talked a great deal about it in my life," said Dorothy, re-

flectively. "Every month, when our salary came, we used to plan how we would spend it; but that was to make it go as far as possible, and when it was gone we never spoke of money at all. It was not so much that we were not vulgar," she added honestly, "as that there didn't seem to be anything very pleasant to say."

Judge Hartwell owned a trim little coupé, in which he sent Dorothy out every morning. He could not go with her, but she was at liberty to invite whom she chose for company. He made another strange request about this, which was that she should not tell him who this companion might be.

"I suppose that would be vulgar too," was Dorothy's puzzled comment.

The Judge laughed, and pinched her smooth, round cheek, admiring its rose-leaf tint.

“I would like to have you drive out into the country, where you can breathe pure air,” he said in his kind way. “That’s the best medicine for a cough, and I heard you coughing this morning.”

“Why, I only choked,” explained Dorothy.

“Don’t contradict, little girl, but do as I tell you!” said the Judge, in his gruff tone; and Dorothy, reading his kind heart with a clearness that would, had he known it, have disturbed him exceedingly, put her arms around his neck and promised to obey.

The following morning the coupé was before the door at an early hour, and Samuel carried Dorothy out to it, tucking her up in the robes, for the air had still a chill in it. Then the coachman looked in for his orders.

“ Drive first to the druggist’s on the corner, and then to 21 — Street,” said Miss Thorpe, with an elegant air.

At the former place she bought two bottles of cod-liver oil, which was what the druggist gave her as the best thing he had for a cough; and it was very pleasant to think that the price of it would not have to be squeezed out of that lean portemonnaie from which her father made his few purchases. It is certainly very agreeable to have money to spend as one pleases; and Dorothy indulged herself in this pleasure, and bought a number of things which she thought would make her father comfortable.

Since she had been staying with the Judge, Thorpe and Company had seen very little of each other, and each meeting was an occasion of great happiness.

As she drove through the busy streets, she thought if it were not for the refractory cough, she would be a very happy little girl this lovely spring morning. The period of separation, to which she had agreed only until the trial, was rapidly passing, and after that — well, how could she have any fear for the future, with this new kind friend who was always ready to shield her from harm; so with loving trustfulness, she left her father's cause in his hands. Dorothy knew no more of law than other little girls. She did not understand that a judge must abide by the decision of the jury, however painful to his feelings, and therefore had not the power to do as he might wish.

Meantime the coupé had turned into the poor little street where Thorpe

senior now lived. It was a dingy place, with tiresome rows of high, narrow buildings well plastered with signs, and all more or less out of repair. It made Dorothy's heart ache to think of the difference between this and Beacon Street, where Judge Hartwell's house was, and where she was made so comfortable; or even dear old Sunshine Street, with its nice airy houses and neat row of trees. There was hardly so much as a blade of grass for her father's tired eyes to rest on; while from her pretty window she had a lovely view of the Common, which was now a glorious mass of green.

There were a number of untidy-looking children playing about the steps of the house before which the carriage stopped. They stared into the coupé, and made rude faces at its sad little

occupant, while the coachman ran up the high stoop to inquire if Mr. Thorpe was at home.

It was pleasant to see the cross faces change into sunshine as Dorothy distributed coins from that delightful purse, and to watch the children as they hurried away in the direction of a small candy-shop, gayly chattering as they went.

This little adventure served to occupy Dorothy's attention until her father came out, which he presently did with a smiling face to welcome his little girl.

The two had a very affectionate meeting on the sidewalk, with the coachman waving his whip as good fairy in the background, and any number of spectators from the windows of the neighboring houses.

"I have come to take you out, papa," Dorothy cried, with a motion of her hand in the direction of the coupé. "We are going for a long, long drive into the country; and I have ever so much to tell you."

Her father, however, seemed very reluctant to accept this invitation; and it was only because of Dorothy's evident disappointment that he finally stepped into the carriage, and allowed himself to be whirled away from the sorrowful old city.

As they rolled gayly over the Milldam and out into the beautiful country roads the Judge had advised for Dorothy's cough, the little girl would say from time to time, —

"This is ever so much nicer than going in the horse-car, is n't it, papa?" for their excursions in the past had

always been made in that humble conveyance.

It was now late in April; and spring came in royal style that year, with the greenest foliage, the brightest skies, and soft, delicious breezes. It all seemed so lovely to Dorothy that she was sure her papa must enjoy it too, and did not wear that pleased expression just to gratify her. Indeed, each was so intent upon making the other happy that black Care was really left moping behind them.

The experiment proved so successful that it was repeated several times before the trial, which took place shortly after.

CHAPTER XI.

IF we are to follow the fortunes of Thorpe and Company, I must take you into a strange scene,—that of a court of law. Let us see what such a place is like.

At the end of the large room, on a platform, was the Judge's bench, behind which now sat Judge Hartwell, with an air so calm and dignified it was difficult to believe that his heart beat fast at the sight of an innocent little face, which looked like a flower among the black-coated figures that surrounded it. At his right sat the twelve men who composed the jury, whose office it was, after a hearing of

the case, to decide whether or not Robert Thorpe was guilty of the crime of which he had been accused. Between them and the Judge was a small stand with a railing in front of it, where the witnesses would be placed one by one to be examined by the lawyers. In front of the Judge's bench were tables for the use of the reporters, whose business it was to carry an account of the proceedings to the newspapers, which would proclaim the disgrace or honorable acquittal of Robert Thorpe.

At another table beyond these sat Tommy Dow's father and a lawyer who was his partner, but whom Dorothy had never seen. There was also a man who afterward had a great deal to say; and Mr. Thorpe told Dorothy, in reply to her inquiries, that he was the prose-

cuting attorney. What the little girl understood by this it would be difficult to tell. Then came the defendant, by which name was designated Dorothy's papa, and with him the poor little junior member of this ill-fated firm. Close at hand were the witnesses on both sides. All these persons were collected around the platform; behind them, away to the farther end of the hall, were benches, which are often nearly empty; but the interesting features of this case being known to many persons, there was a ceaseless tide of people flowing in at the doors, until all these benches were filled.

The proceedings began by a statement of the case to be tried; and after the witnesses were sworn in, many of them were examined, until at last the name of the defendant was called. With

one reassuring glance at his little child, Mr. Thorpe rose and took his place on the witness-stand. There was a general silence in the court-room, and every eye was fastened upon him. He did not look like a man guilty of crime, but had the air of a true gentleman bearing in a quiet and gentle manner injustice and unmerited disgrace. In Dorothy's eyes, at least, there was not in all that assembly a man worthy to be compared with him.

His examination now began. It was a trying ordeal for poor little Dorothy, but she had begged so earnestly to be present at the trial that her father had consented. He thought she might suffer still more if left by herself, a prey to her own fancies. She was scarcely better off in the court-room, being too young to understand what was said, and

was only bewildered by the big words and queer phrases.

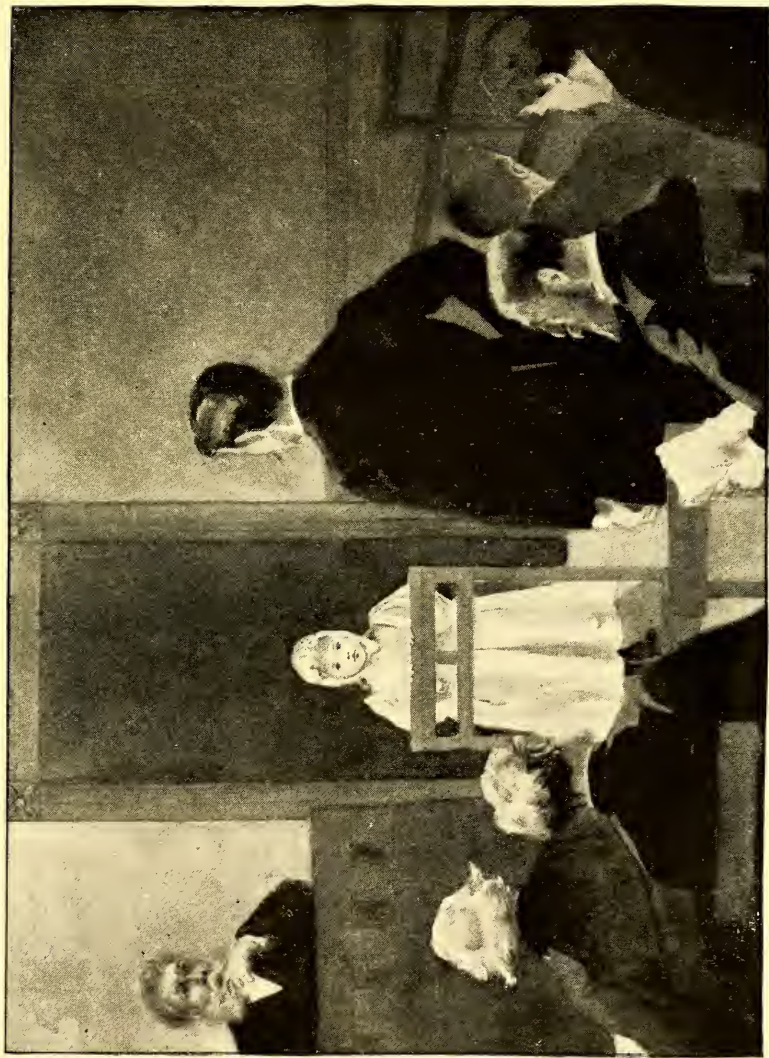
“Oh, why do they ask so many foolish questions?” she wondered; and why did not her papa explain that he had not taken the money? If she could only stand there in his place, she was sure she could set things straight.

But no notice at all was taken of her, and she sat looking with wide eyes at the strange scene, and puzzling her little head in vain. She was only sure of one thing, which was that her father had not made his innocence so clear as she had expected he would.

After he was released many other persons were questioned, and afterward he was called back and cross-questioned. Suddenly in the midst of the strange jargon she caught the familiar sound of her own name.

The trial, as it went on, had in fact become more and more interesting; and when the name of Dorothy Thorpe was called, every person in the room was looking on with breathless attention. A hundred eyes followed this helpless little morsel of humanity as she was led by Mr. Dow to the witness-stand, to face those who were disgracing her fair name and darkening her future. A murmur of compassion from those who felt the pity of it broke out as she stood there alone, her innocent little face in its white cap just above the railing, her trustful baby-eyes looking out at them from the spot where so many a scheming rogue had stood.

The nature of the oath having been explained to her, the child was duly sworn, and she was asked if she had ever thought her father was in trouble



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before he had been arrested on this charge of embezzlement.

There was a moment's pause, and then the answer, spoken in a distinct but gentle little voice, broke the silence : "Yes, I thought so. Sometimes it seemed as if we had a *great deal* of trouble, but we did n't worry over it very much, for that does n't do any good, you know."

"I am not speaking of *you*, but of your father," said the prosecuting attorney, in such a sharp tone that he was instantly rebuked by the Judge.

"Oh," said Dorothy, "don't scold him! I'm sure he did n't mean to be cross."

Even the prosecuting attorney himself joined in the laugh that ran through the court, and he went on good-humoredly : "Well, then, my dear, will you tell us what you supposed to be the

nature of your father's trouble? What was he troubled about?"

"There was his cough, for one thing; and then no one would appreciate the poem or the play or the novel, although I am sure they are very beautiful; and sometimes he was troubled about money."

"Ah! and how did you know that?" asked the lawyer, in a tone which seemed to express a great deal of satisfaction. "What made you think he was troubled about money?"

"Because I knew we didn't have any," was the conclusive reply.

"How did you know *he* didn't have any?"

"One reason," said Dorothy, gravely, "was because I knew I had spent it. I am afraid I was very extravagant; but you know how it is about money,—it seems almost to spend itself."

"I suppose you allude now to your allowance," suggested the lawyer.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Dorothy.

"Did your father give you a large allowance?"

"No, it was n't large; it was a *small* allowance."

"How much was it?" was the next question.

"It was a hundred dollars a month."

"A hundred dollars a month? Well, I should call that a very liberal allowance for a bookkeeper's child. It must have been nearly the whole of your father's salary."

"Well, at any rate, it was n't enough," insisted Dorothy. "Yes, it was the whole of papa's salary. He gave it to me every month."

"If he gave you the whole of his

salary, he must have had other money for his own support."

"Oh, no," said Dorothy, in her mild little voice, "*I* supported him."

This assertion was greeted with another laugh, which Dorothy thought very singular, but so many of her speeches were received in this way that it did not trouble her very much, and she waited quite patiently for the next question.

"Do you know," began the lawyer again, "if your father wanted money for any particular purpose?"

"Oh, yes," was the ready reply; "he wanted to go abroad and live in some nice warm country where his cough might get well. I know all his plans, because we always made them together," said Dorothy, with a loving glance at Thorpe senior, who sat with his eyes fastened sadly upon her. "We made

ever so many plans to get the money, but never one to 'bezzle it. There has been a great mistake," she went on, feeling that here at last was the opportunity she had wished for, "and I want to tell you that I know papa did not take the money. Papa is a gentleman, you see, and gentlemen *of course* never steal."

She cast a triumphant glance at Mr. Dow; but the lawyer's face wore an expression of dismay, in marked contrast to the smiling and confident air of his opponents. It seemed to the little girl that what she said must have convinced everybody that her father was innocent, but in reality it had all told against him.

Dorothy left the witness-stand with a smile, and during the long speeches of the lawyers and the address of the Judge

which followed, she wore an expression of bright hopefulness.

Now at last the time had come for the jury to give the verdict. Already they had left the room, and when they returned the trial would be over.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed.

Dorothy sat quite still, holding one of her father's hands in hers and looking from time to time with loving care into his face. The room was so still that when the jurymen came back into the court and the fatal word "Guilty" was pronounced, it was heard distinctly in every part of it.

"Guilty!" Think what a blow the word must have been to that tender little daughter! Those who were watching her saw the child raise the hand she held to her lips and kiss it with a touching reverence. It was as if she thus

expressed her own unchanged loyalty, and they knew that one trustful little soul at least believed in Robert Thorpe's honor.

Yes, the verdict was Guilty; but the sentence — oh, it would not be such as Tommy had described! The Judge was a kind, kind man, and he loved her.

Throughout the day Judge Hartwell had worn a face of flint, his eyes under their heavy brows fixed in a gloomy frown. Never, lest his heart should falter, did he allow himself to look at the child whom he had befriended and loved. But now the moment had come when he must pronounce the sentence which, although made as light as the law allows, was still so terrible.

"To serve," he said hoarsely, "for a term of one year in the state-prison."

"Then send me too, oh, send me

there too!" wailed little Dorothy, in a voice that rang out through the big room, its agonized intensity bringing one's heart to one's throat.

She held out her arms entreatingly to the Judge, and tottered a step toward him before her father caught her in his arms and whispered some magic words in her ear.

"Darling, don't make it harder for me! Try to bear it." This is what he said, knowing it to be the only argument which would move her.

Dorothy could not answer, but she tried to calm herself for her father's sake. Her heart beat fast, and a mist rose before her eyes, through which she but dimly discerned that some one had stepped out from the crowd and was speaking in a loud voice which silenced the rising murmurs. It was "Brother."

“Robert Thorpe is not guilty,” he said. “I took the money.”

Then a great hubbub arose, and a voice cried: “Hurrah for Robert Thorpe and the little gal!”

The trial had already lasted many hours when Mr. Isaac Black spoke those words that fastened upon himself the disgrace which Thorpe and Company had so long and unjustly borne.

After various formalities, which the circumstances made necessary, the Judge once more arose, and declared that the court would assume the responsibility of immediate action, and not leave the defendant to the expedient of applying for a new trial for pardon; and he ended with these words: “Let the judgment be vacated, the verdict be set aside, and the prisoner be restored to liberty.”

Which in simple English means that Robert Thorpe, cleared from all suspicion, was at liberty to take his little daughter by the hand and walk out into the outer world, where he could hold up his head once more among men.

But this could not be done at once, for a crowd of people now pressed around him, offering such hearty congratulations that it was easy to see on whose side their sympathies had been enlisted.

These, however, presently made way for Judge Hartwell, who was hastening toward them. He took Mr. Thorpe's hand and pressed it warmly while he said: "I congratulate you with all my heart, and I thank God that he has spared me a great sorrow."

It had been a most trying day, and

Dorothy was now quite exhausted. Her little face was as white as a sheet, and she trembled all over, so that her papa looking down at her said anxiously, "Poor little girl, the excitement has been too much for her!"

Dorothy felt that, absurd though it was, now that everything had turned out so happily, she was really going to cry. She slid her hand into her pocket, but instead of the little square of muslin she brought out a letter. It had lain there forgotten ever since the morning when it had been given her for her father by Mrs. Kipp.

This letter had been sent to Mr. Thorpe from the publisher to whom that poem had been taken so many weeks before; and if you will believe it, he had accepted it. Moreover, the letter contained a large check, and

what Dorothy valued even more, a kind recognition of the talent in which the poor little girl had been for so long the only believer. And as if this were not enough to fill one's cup of happiness, there was also a wish expressed for further contributions.

With so much to cheer her, Dorothy at once revived, and they went out of the court-room together; the Judge, to all appearances, the most pleased of the three.

They found the coupé at the door. The Judge put in little Dorothy, and turned to her papa.

"Come," he urged, reading denial on the young man's face. "You must come with us. It will please the child, you know; and when people have suffered as we have to-day, I think pride is out of place."

So the third figure crowded into the carriage, the door was closed with a slam, and they rattled gayly away, leaving trouble and disgrace at an ever-widening distance behind them.

CHAPTER XII.

FOR some weeks after the trial, Dorothy remained with the Judge. He did not wish to let the little girl go ; and at present while her father was seeking some means of support, he was not in a condition to take care of the child.

In the mean time Mr. Thorpe was writing for the Judge ; and it was pleasant for Dorothy to see the friendship that was growing up between them, and to know that here was some one at last who appreciated her papa almost as highly as she did herself.

Dorothy had rarely seen Thorpe senior in such good spirits ; but his

health was still delicate, and his cough a matter of much concern.

Besides this, the only blot on the little girl's happiness was the thought of "Brother," whose probable sentence lay like a weight on her kind little heart.

It was impossible for her to forget her last glimpse of him as he walked with bent head out of the court-room in the custody of an officer.

She forgot that it was because of his dishonesty that she and her father had borne those weeks of anxiety and pain, and only remembered that at the last he had come forward and saved them. It was owing to this act that she was now as happy as the day is long, while he himself was behind prison bars.

One day Mr. Thorpe called Dorothy to him with a very serious air. "My darling," he said, as he took her in his

arms, "I have had a letter from Mr. Isaac Black, and he wishes to see you. Would it pain you very much to go to him?"

"Oh, no!" answered Dorothy. "Why should it, papa? I think I would like to tell him how sorry I am for him. Shall we go now?"

It was Mr. Thorpe's intention to take the child at once to the prison; so Dorothy hastened to put on her cap and cloak.

Meanwhile the Judge, knowing that the sight of others' pain always cast a shadow on Dorothy's tender heart, walked up and down the room, and grumbled.

"I disapprove of her going," he said. "That scoundrel has already caused trouble enough without calling upon her sympathies now, and keeping alive

the memory of this unhappy affair, which it has been my constant endeavor to make her forget. I wonder you let her go, Thorpe."

"It was an experience, Judge Hartwell, that even such kindness as yours will never make her forget," said Dorothy's papa. "If the child can help the poor soul, we must not grudge the cost."

"Pooh! I have not a farthing's worth of pity for the fellow; but you and the child are just alike, and jump at a chance of sacrificing your own feelings. If you have made up your mind to go, it is useless for me to try to dissuade you."

But he grumbled on until Dorothy came down dressed for the street, and while he accompanied them to the coupé, of which he insisted they should make use.

During the drive Mr. Thorpe explained to Dorothy that it had been out of compassion for herself that Mr. Black had finally confessed his guilt.

In truth, while the child had stood on the witness-stand so innocently injuring her father's cause, and yet all the time showing for him a love that would make his sufferings hers also, the guilty man felt his wicked resolve waver. Not only Robert Thorpe but this sweet blameless baby—as Dorothy seemed among the grave surroundings of the court—was also to suffer for his sins. To be trapped at eight years into dragging one's own name into disgrace,—was not this a sight to make angels weep? Mr. Black, to be sure, was no angel; but his heart was not so hard that he could look upon it unmoved, and the guileless speeches that so dismayed Mr.

Dow made the course he had planned for himself impossible.

There was no doubt in his mind that if he remained silent Mr. Thorpe would be convicted; but he would come forward like a man and bear the penalty of his own wrongdoing.

It was so hard, however, to do this that he sat silent while the lawyers went on and on; and finally the trial was over and he had not moved.

Then the sharp cry that Dorothy gave in the shock of that terrible sentence wrung from him his tardy confession.

He was awaiting his trial in the jail, before whose grim doorway the coupé now stopped.

Dorothy and her father followed an officer, who led them through the gloomy building, which cast such shad-

ows on men's lives, to the cell where Mr Black was confined.

The little girl looked expectantly at her papa. "I think he had rather not see me, darling; it is you he has asked for. You need not be afraid, for I shall stand right here till you come back."

When one's whole heart is filled with pity for another, one is not troubled by fears for one's self, and Dorothy walked quickly in. Her eyes were fixed upon the bed where the prisoner was lying. Although she had been told that he was ill, she was not prepared for so great a change in him. He was lying very quietly, and might have been asleep but that his eyes were open and they had a strange, wild look.

When he saw Dorothy he seemed to

shrink down into the bed, and he said in an excited tone, "So you came, after all. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, I know; you are Brother," said the little girl, in her soft voice.

"Brother." The word seemed to soothe him, and he repeated it, looking wistfully at Dorothy. "There was once a little girl like you who called me that. If she had lived, I might not have become a scoundrel."

"Oh, no, don't call yourself that! I think you are very good. I was glad when papa said he should bring me here, for I have been wishing that I could thank you. It was so kind of you to take all the blame to yourself. I am sure you are a very, *very* good man."

He gave a restless toss upon the bed. "Don't you know better than to say

that?" he cried out irritably. "It's not true. I'm a *felon*. There, there, child! I did not mean to be so rough."

"Well, you know I have been a felon too," said Dorothy. "I know just how it feels, and how people always say the wrong thing to you. But there is one good thing about trouble. After it's over, you see, you feel even happier than you did before."

"Do you?" cried Brother, eagerly. "That reminds me why I wanted to see you. It was to know if you are happy again."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the little girl. "It's very selfish, though, while you are shut up in here; but I didn't really know that it was quite so bad. I shall think of you now more than ever."

But to Dorothy's surprise this only added to Brother's distress.

“Don’t think of me at all,” he implored, “but be as happy as you can, for my sake. That is what I should like best. Sometimes it has seemed to me that you will always look as you did the last time I saw you in the court. I am always fancying that I hear you cry out in that dreadful way, and it drives me frantic,” cried poor Brother, flinging out his arms and staring wildly at Dorothy. “You are always screaming, child. Oh, it is awful, awful !”

Dorothy had never seen a person beside himself as this man was. She stood still a few moments, evidently puzzled; then she touched him with her soft little hand.

“See!” she said brightly, “I look happy. You don’t hear me scream now, and I sha’n’t any more. I promise to be *very* happy for your sake. It is n’t

much to promise when you have done so much for me."

He fell back on his pillow and sighed. To make the child realize his selfishness seemed impossible.

"Well, after all, I am glad she does n't blame me," he murmured.

"Blame you! Oh, no, it was n't your fault," she said, in her earnest little voice; "I am sure it was n't your fault. You were not treated fairly at all. Why, they did n't even put your name on the sign. Poor Brother, everything was against you!"

"Yes, everything was against me," he repeated. His mind was wandering now, and he looked far beyond the prison walls into a past where Dorothy could not follow him.

She waited a few moments, and then in her pity stooped down and kissed him.

“Good-by, Brother,” she whispered ;
“I shall be very happy.”

A strange — I had almost said a sweet — expression stole into the poor worn face. The odious wrinkle was smoothed from his brow, leaving it soft and untroubled like a little child's. Then his eyes closed, and he seemed to fall into a gentle sleep.

The officer beckoned to Dorothy, who crept noiselessly back to her father, and with him went out again into the sunshine.

It was not until some weeks afterward she was told that “Brother” died that night.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a fine June morning. At an early hour the steamship "Cephalonia" was to start from Boston for Liverpool. Already the deck was crowded with excited passengers, and the friends who were bidding them good-by. Here was a party of young girls looking forward to their first trip abroad. Yonder were two interesting little lads destined for an English school, already forgetting their anticipated woes in the excitement of the novel scene. There were people travelling for pleasure and others bound on business, and bright faces everywhere. The sound of scores of voices mingled with the cries

of the sailors and the general noise and confusion on the wharf.

It was at the last moment that a particularly large and interesting party arrived.

"An actress, no doubt," the passengers declared; "no one else ever has so many flowers."

There was much curiosity about the central figure of the group; but not until it reached the plank that led from the wharf to the deck over which they were obliged to pass in single file, was the discovery made that the object of all this attention was only a very sweet little girl.

She had a lovely, serious little face, and soft, golden brown curls, over which she wore a dainty muslin cap. A handsome young man, with a face that might sometimes be sad, but was

now bright with hope and courage, carefully guided her steps. But I am sure you have already recognized the friends we have known so long as Thorpe and Company.

To account for their appearance on this new scene, I must tell you that Mr. Thorpe was now engaged in writing a book for the publisher who had accepted his poem. This required a trip abroad in search of information that could not be obtained at home; and as Dorothy announced to their acquaintances, instead of the manuscripts, her papa and herself were now to be the travellers.

All their friends had shown much pleasure in Mr. Thorpe's sudden prosperity; and when the morning came that they were to sail, so many of these accompanied them to the steamer that

Thorpe and Company were supposed to be people of great consequence.

How such rumors are set afloat is a mystery; but it was immediately whispered among the passengers that the interesting-looking young man was a very promising author. That large fine-looking gentleman, with the iron-gray whiskers and the gruff voice that changed so quickly when addressing the little girl, was surely a person of distinction. Some one said it was Judge Hartwell, and that the little man in spectacles who was carrying a huge bunch of Catherine Mermet roses was no less a personage than the famous Professor Grumpinson.

The limits of this chapter forbid the mention of each of Dorothy's friends who were present; but Mrs. Kipp crying and smiling in a breath, Mrs. Le

Grand in all her bugles, and Mrs. Smith and little Miss Miller you may be sure were among them. It touched Dorothy very much that poor Marthy Ann had closed her shop and come with the others to pay her this parting compliment. She had brought, too, a large package of the delectable taffy for which she was so famous, and which Dorothy generously offered to the new friends she made on the voyage, with the remark that she believed it to be one of the very best things for seasickness.

But already the signal was given for those who were not passengers to leave the steamer.

The Judge shook hands hastily with Mr. Thorpe. "The trip will set you right up, I have n't a doubt of it," he was saying. "I shall find you a new man in August, when you know I have

Dorothy's promise that we shall travel through the Tyrol together."

"Good-by," cried Dorothy, as she drew him down for a parting kiss, and recalled his kindness to her in the home she had deserted. "I wish I were twins, and then I could be a daughter to each of you."

"Good-by! good-by!" shouted a chorus of voices, as the ladies hurried from the ship.

Dorothy had but a moment to press a parting gift in Professor Grumpin-son's hand. It was a package containing a parasol that had belonged to the lovely Alice Maud; and although the Professor laughed when he saw it, yet he kept it a long time in memory of the gentle giver.

There was much shouting and waving of handkerchiefs from the great

steamer as it moved slowly out to sea, which was energetically returned by the people on the wharf. From no part of it were the voices heartier than that where Dorothy's friends stood straining their eyes for a last glimpse of the little face whose sunshine had brightened their lives.

“Three cheers for the ‘Cephalonia’!” screamed the excited voice of Tommy Dow.

“And three more,” added the Judge, tenderly, “for Dear Daughter Dorothy!”

THE END.







